THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE and SPIRIT;

For MAY, 1799.

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[Embellished with the Portraiture of HAMBLETONIAN, from a Painting of Mr. Sartorius, Engraved by Mr. Scott; and an Etching of THE HUNTERS CROSSING A RIVER, by Mr. Howitt.]

LONDON:

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We feel ourselves highly obliged by our friendly Correspondent, who sent us a Drawing of HAMBLETONIAN; and persuade ourselves he will feel no displeasure at our not making use of it, as the sole cause was, the having a promise of a Painting from Mr. Sartorius.

Doncaster Races—Epitaph on Mr. Lovett's Huntsman—and Pedigree of Phenomenon, are received, and shall appear in our next Magazine.

Sartorius pinx.^t^ J. Scott sculp.^t^

Hambletonian.

Published June 1 1799 by J Wheble, Warwick Court.

THE
Sporting Magazine,
For MAY, 1799.

THE PORTRAITURE OF HAMBLETONIAN.*

BY MR. SARTORIUS.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN this dreadful season of war and contention, whilst the page of almost every other periodical print is either sullied with bloody characters, or dosed, with the stupifying jargon of politics, yours alone we find fraught with innocent and heart-exhilerating mirth, rational sport, and useful instruction. You have painfully laboured, for a series of years, to make us happy and contented with ourselves; and you have succeeded.—In short, to import a Continental phrase, (though in hostility to the principles of modern republicanism) Citizen Wheble, you have deserved well of the country: we will also do our part, by allowing due distinction and encouragement to your Magazine, and by reserving for your worship, a snug niche in our pantheon of eminent sporting characters.

But I think we, in the sporting line, ought to bear, at least, some share in the labour, and to be rather more free with our communications; and I hereby crave permission to set an example to my brethren.—I have two motives for reviving the interesting subject of a late famous race; they are, that the particulars have never been yet correctly given in any public print, although all have pretended to do it: and to *remind* you of the propriety of giving a striking likeness of the winner at least, if not of both the horses.—I am by no means about to reproach you with giving an incorrect account of the race, since, not being a spectator, you did the best in your power, by publishing the various statements which came to hand.—With respect to the authenticity of the following particulars and observations, I shall only say, that I was not only an attentive spectator, but that I won my money upon the race.

As to the time in which the horses were coming over the course, different watches varied considerably; but of this there is no doubt—the race was no capital performance in that light; the weights were not high, but the same course has been often ran at high weights in much less time. Diamond, whose owner's dependance was upon the stoutness, that is, bottom of his horse, in course made the play, but was headed by his antagonist, after running, I believe, about two miles and a quarter; it was afterwards a good race, the winner being much spurred. The little horse, who ran his course remarkably well through, was both whipped and spurred (according to our blasted, sap-sculled, Cherokee-English custom) about forty times as much as was

* We shall be obliged to any of our correspondents, for the Pedigree of Hambletonian, as we at present only know that he was got by King Fergus, a son of Eclipse.—Sir H. T. Vane's jockey cap is yellow; but when Hambletonian run the great race, the jockey had a black cap on, tied with a blue ribband.

was either necessary or advantageous. Could I ride the weight, I would be bound, at the hazard of my life, to jockey that horse to the same hole, without all that butchery, and perhaps with no ill chance of gaining half a stride by coolness and forbearance.

It is strange how the partialities and affections of men are engaged in affairs of this kind; how their judgments are warped, and even their veracity led astray.—I have now an account before me, of a blind advocate for Hambletonian, who warrants that the horse never exerted himself a yard; that he could easily have distanced Diamond, and even, that he never felt whip or spur in his life! As to whipping such a dishonest brute as Hambletonian, it would answer no end, but to make him swerve, or bolt, or probably stop him outright; but of spurring, he had a good belly-full in the late race, and it must be owned, in his favour, he ran very truly to it.

Another rigmarol story has been circulated in London, that Hambletonian, in the only race in which he was beat, ran out of the course, leaped a hedge, watered himself at a pond, re-leaped the hedge, started himself once more, and pulled up of his own accord at the ending post, in the stile of his grandsire Eclipse! The truth of the matter is, in running at York, the gentleman took it into his head to stop short and bolt, when he actually ran out of the course, and leaped a ditch, and was, of course, conducted back to the stable.

No sooner is an interesting race determined, than the knowing ones on both sides, begin to speculate gravely upon the issue; not so much upon what their eyes have demonstrated as really happened, but upon what might, and what ought to have happened IF—thus, *if* my aunt had been properly qualified by nature, she might have been my uncle; and thus it has been with every famous match, from Aaron and Driver, Atlas and Careless, Laburnum and Fleacatcher, to Diamond and Hambletonian, on the subject of which we are now knowingly holding forth. Say the Hambletonians—"it was an easy race, and could Buckle have held the horse back, nothing would have been more hollow."—"Aye, aye, (say the trumps of Diamond) that great swerving brute had his gruel, as it was; but had our jockey made a little more play the first two miles, Hambletonian had been caught in his proper place, upon *Choak-jade**, without a single pull to spare—he had been fairly dished."

The plain English of the matter is, Diamond must be infinitely better in nature, since, with so trifling an allowance of weight, he could run so near to a horse of such very superior size and strength; and this, with a thousand other similar instances, serves to prove the reality, and the dependence which we may place upon hereditary abilities. Diamond is in the second degree from Herod; Hambletonian from Eclipse. The Herods are, in general, hard and stout; the Eclipses jadish, speedy, and uncertain. In the present case, as we say upon the turf, the large horse *went rather too fast for his competitor*: as much as to say, the difference of speed and stride was somewhat too great for the stoutness and perseverance of the little horse to subdue.

Two circumstances are much in favour of the pretensions of the Diamond party—Hambletonian's jockey not only laboured very hard at him during the run-in, but the horse was severely spurred; which

* Choak-jade is a heavy, sandy, gradual ascent, in a certain part of the Beacon Course, immemorially famous for the effect indicated by its appellation.

shewed

shewed clearly enough that he had been at all he could do: and Sir Henry Vane Tempest, or Sir Henry Tempest Vane, (for the worthy Baronet has not yet advised the public which name he has determined to place in front) actually refused the challenge of an encore of the match. But the safest conjecture is, that it was a very nice thing, ridden in the most judicious manner on both sides, and fairly determined; that is, just as it ought naturally to be, all circumstances considered. Had the jockey attempted to make more play with the little horse, in the early stage of the race, in all just probability he would have blown him, without proportionally distressing Hambletonian, whose stride is so superior, and by such an intemperate measure he might have lost the prize.

I shall be happy to communicate with you occasionally, on this and other appropriate topics; having the honour to be, with much respect, and many good wishes,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

A Sportsman *on the* Turf.

Chesterford, near Newmarket, May 13.

BIBURY RACES.

LORD Sherborne, formerly known by the name of Mr. Dutton, who kept running horses, has a country seat near Bibury, and in the middle of the present month, gave the most fashionable races ever known in this kingdom.—(The sport will appear in our next Calendar.)

The horses each day were rode only by noblemen and gentlemen of the first distinction; their names as follow:—Lord Sackville, Lord Villiers, Lord Milsingtown, Colonel Grosvenor, Mr. Chas. Wyndham, Mr. Germaine, Mr. Cholmondeley, Mr. Delme, and Mr. Talbot.

What rendered this meeting particularly elegant and uncommon was, its consisting only of noblemen and gentlemen privately invited. The number was great, and the list one of the most fashionable that ever met the eye.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who honoured the races with his presence, was remarkably cheatful, and in high spirits. He was greeted by all his friends and acquaintance, whom he noticed with his usual politeness.

Bibury is between Burford and Cheltenham and its neighbourhood inhabited by some of the principal nobility and gentry of England.

The gentlemen of the turf were so much delighted with the amusement of the above races, that they have resolved to hold an annual meeting at the same place, and it promises to become the most elegant and fashionable of the kind in the world. The horses are always to be rode by gentlemen, and none are to ride or to run horses that are not members of the Jockey Club. Sir Harry Vane Tempest and Mr. Cookson have been admitted into this club, that they may partake of the sports.

Mess. Ogden and Clark have been granted permission to build a stand before next races, which it is supposed will produce them about one hundred and fifty pounds.—The Prince of Wales and the principal nobility countenance this amusement, so favourable to the breed of horses; and we need only mention that the following match is made to shew with what *eclat* the next meeting will be held.

Hambletonian, to be rode by Mr. Delme, is matched against Diamond, to be rode by Lord Sackville for five thousand guineas—the horses to carry 8st. We have not heard the distance they are to run.

SPORTING SUBJECTS, &c. IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1799.

7 PORTRAIT of a coach-horse—G. Garrard.
17 View of the Decoy, Hendon—J. Annis.
32 Landscape, cattle, and figures—Sir F. Burgeos, R. A.
33 A farriery.—C. Gessner.
36 A shed with horses—ditto.
38 Portrait of Whiskey, the property of J. H. Durand, Esq.—G. Garrard.
40 Portrait of a hunter the property of B. Holloway, Esq.—T. Bennet.
41 A trotting horse—G. Stubbs, A
105 Portrait of a famous poney, belonging to Mr. Field—H. B. Chalon.
131 Horses in a thunder storm—S. Gilpin, R. A.
148 The inside of a stable—R. Westall, R. A.
163 Portrait of a pointer bitch—R. P. Nodder.
177 A monkey—G. Stubbs, A.
232 A spaniel dog, portrait—C. Towne.
243 Portrait of two of his Majesty's state coach horses—H. B. Chalon.
260 Landscape, with portraits of a gentleman and three dogs—C. Towne.
270 A stable-yard—G. Garrard.
280 Portrait of a Newfoundland dog—W. Delamotte.
299 A forest scene in the northern part of Hindostan, with a rhinoceros—T. Daniel, R. A.
325 Sunny morning: the cattle by S. Gilpin, R. A.—W. Turner.
334 Daniel in the lion's den—S. Gilpin, R. A.
365 A scene in Norbury park, Surrey—W. S. Gilpin.
377 The warrener's boy with a ferret—J. Russell, R. A.
502 Straw-yard, with a horse—C. Towne.
534 Portrait of a favourite dog and cat - G. Ainslie, Esq. H.
549 Horses, a study from nature—C. L. Smith, H.
560 Portrait of Mr. Westcar's great ox—J. N. Sartorious.
570 Portrait of a horse and dog belonging to Mr. Mildrell—H. B. Chalon.
572 Portrait of a celebrated greyhound, "The Miller," belonging to Mr. Bate Dudley, (from which was taken the Engraving in the last Sporting Magazine)—H. B. Chalon.
599 Portrait of a setter and spaniel, the property of J. Gibbs Esq.—G. Smith.
827 Portrait of a horse belonging to Gen. Stabed—H. B. Chalon.
835 Portraits of coach-horses, the property of Mr. Maitland—J. N. Sartorious.
838 Portrait of a gentleman, and a trotting mare—C. Towne.
843 Portrait of a hunter, belonging to Mr. R. Clarke—H. B. Chalon.
855 Dead game—G. Smith.
982 The Bilson and Jebu of Asia, scale 2 inches and a quarter to a foot—G. Garrard.
1002 The Irish pig, 4 feet 2 inches high, and a Berkshire hog, 2 feet 10 inches high, two inches and a quarter to a foot—G. Garrard.
1090 Model of a bull—G. Eckstein
1094 Model of a dog—G. Eckstein
1104 A dog, executed in Carara marble—Hon. Mrs. Damer, H.
1109 Alexander and Buchephalus—G. Garrard.

Any Correspondent, inclined to favour us with a liberal, as well as an explanatory Criticism, on the foregoing performances, shall have due regard paid to what he may please to send.

COURT

COURT-MARTIAL.

Copy of a Letter from his Royal Highness Field-Marshal the Commander in Chief, to the Right Hon. Lieutenant General Sir Ralph Abercromby, K.B. &c.

Dated Horse Guards, 3d May, 1799.

SIR,

I HAVE attentively perused the proceedings transmitted by you, of a General Court Martial, held by your order, in Edinburgh, for the trials of Colonel Sir George Thomas and Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale, of the Sussex Fencible Cavalry, on certain charges preferred against them by Major Worthington, of that corps, when the charges appeared to me of so serious a nature, and the decisions of the Court so extraordinary, that I have felt it incumbent upon me to submit the proceedings, with my sentiments on the whole, to his Majesty; and I am now to communicate to you his Majesty's pleasure upon the same.

His Majesty commands me to say, that, from the evidence produced before the Court, he should have looked for a different decision from that which has taken place.

The charges preferred against Colonel Sir George Thomas, more especially the first of them, are somewhat loosely expressed; but the spirit of the first charge, as explained by the evidence, namely, limiting the person employed to purchase all the horses wanted for the augmentation, as well for the remount of the regiment, to a sum inferior to the price allowed by Government, and out of which limited price the person so employed was to have whatever profit might accrue to him by purchasing the horses at a rate still inferior to that gives a very different complexion to the business; and, in his Majesty's opinion, it ought to have been treated in a more serious manner by Sir George Thomas, in his answer, and also deserved more serious notice from the Court, than the censure which they thought proper to award.

Upon the second article of charge which in substance is, that Colonel Sir George Thomas availed himself of the difference between the price allowed by Government, and that inferior price to which he limited the purchase of the horses to be provided by Lieutenant Faulder his Majesty noticed, that the Court Martial has "in the fullest and most honourable manner acquitted him," assigning, as the ground on which they founded that acquittal, that the Colonel "had not given any order or direction for any sum or sums whatsoever, arising from any savings that might have accrued from the purchase of horses, to be credited to his account, nor had ordered, passed, or approved of any account, in which any such balance so credited was stated." Whereas his Majesty can by no means consider the correspondence which has been laid before the Court, namely, the letter from Sir George Thomas, in which he directs Lieut. Faulder to purchase horses for the augmentation; a second, of the 25th November, 1798, on the same subject; and a third, of the 24th December, 1798; with Lieut. Faulder's answers, dated the 31st January and 13th February, 1799, with Sir Geo. Thomas's reply, of the 18th of the month last mentioned, as warranting a full and honourable acquittal; on the contrary, the circumstances stated in or to be collected from, those letters, carry with them strong marks of Sir George Thomas's intention to avail himself of the profit derived from that transaction.

The King commands me to say, that he considers Colonel Sir Geo. Thomas's conduct, as it appeared in evidence before the Court, to have

have been so improper, and so unwarrantable in every view, that if the letters above alluded to had been produced and authenticated, before a Court-Martial was convened, his Majesty would not have hesitated in removing Sir George Thomas from the command of the Sussex regiment of Fencible Cavalry; and his Majesty laments that the General Court-Martial, which tried him, should have considered a transaction so injurious to the public, and so destructive in its tendency to the service at large, as deserving no greater animadversion and check than the censure aforementioned.

In regard to the charges preferred against Lieut. Col. Teesdale, his Majesty is of opinion, that the Court may possibly have been warranted in not deeming Lieut. Col. Teesdale guilty of a criminal connivance at the irregularity practised by Colonel Sir George Thomas; but, as it is admitted that he was informed of it, there seems not to have been foundation for honourable acquittal upon that point.

With respect to the defence set up by Lieut. Col. Teesdale to the third charge, "that he did not consider himfelf as vouching the truth of the Paymaster's disbursments, but as a witness to the fact of the Paymaster having made oath as to the correctness of them;" his Majesty is pleased to pronounce against the admissibility of such an opinion, as repugnant to the principles that should have actuated Lieut. Col. Teesdale, in his situation of Commanding Officer of a regiment, and as being in direct opposition to the very words of the regulation, which requires the Commanding Officer and Adjutant of a regiment to certify, upon their word of honour, as officers and gentlemen, that they have carefully examined the particulars of the statements, and that, to the best of their knowledge, information, and belief, they have found them to be truly and justly stated as to names, rates, times and payments.

In consequence of the circumstances which are the subject of this letter, his Majesty is pleased to order, that in the future remounts of the Sussex regiment of Fencible Cavalry, no horse shall be purchased by Col. Sir George Thomas, Lieut. Col. Teesdale, or any officer employed by them; but that such horses as may, from time to time, be wanted for the regiment, shall be purchased by such officer as you shall think proper to select for the duty. And it having been argued in the course of the trial by Lieut. Col. Teesdale, that a commanding officer who signs his name, as a witness to an affidavit made by a Paymaster, is not in any degree responsible for the contents, and that no blame is imputable to him, if the oath be ever so false; his Majesty commands me to express his great surprize, at such a sentiment having been entertained by an officer filling the situation in which Lieut. Col. Teesdale is placed in the Sussex Fencible Cavalry; and is pleased to direct that you do communicate, in general orders, to the troops under your command, that the Commanding Officer of a regiment, and the Adjutant, are to consider themselves responsible, to the best of their knowledge and belief, after having made the examination required by his Majesty's regulation, for the correctness of all regimental statements to which they are required to certify, and that they are expected to read, or hear read to them, the contents of such affidavit, before they sign their names thereto as witnesses; which orders will also be promulgated to the army at large.

I am, Sir, your's,
FREDERICK, F. M.
Commander in Chief.

TREATISE

PHILOSOPHICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON HORSES, AND ON THE MORAL DUTIES OF MAN TOWARDS THE BRUTE CREATION.

BY JOHN LAWRENCE,

2 vols. 8vo. boards, 14s. *Longman.*

[*Continued from page* 24.]

WE shall pass over the author's reasoning and observations, respecting the temper and disposition of horses, and proceed to take him up in the 183d page, where he treats on the size of the animal, and goes on with other remarks equally interesting.

"As for the size of horses, perhaps sixteen hands ought to be the extreme, for whatever purpose, either of saddle or draught. I believe, on the strengh of my own experience, and what I more respect, the opinions of men who have had the longest and greatest practice, that all possible advantages may be concentrated within that compass, and numberless disadvantages resulting from over size, avoided. It has been said, that "a great, good horse, will beat a little one;" and there is no doubt, but where the goodness, in all points, is equal, the largest must be the best; but we generally find, in all animals, that as they advance beyond the usual standard, they lose in symmetry, in proportion as they gain in bulk. It is rare to see a man, of six feet six, well shaped. Among horses, perhaps, the smallest size, or ponies, are, upon the average, of the truest make. The Latins say, *inest sua gratia parvis*—what is little, is pretty.

A hunter, or charger, should be between fifteen hands, and fifteen three. It is obvious, that in the field, few horses can never clear their leaps so well, or carry a man so gallantly over the country, as those of a commanding size. The most advantageous height of a hack is between fourteen and fifteen hands one inch. A lady's horse, either for road, or field, should never exceed fifteen. The convenience of ponies and galloways, for the summer season, and their inconvenience in deep roads and dirty weather, are in the way of every body's observation.

It is a truth, like numberless others, much better known than practised, that horses should never be put to severe labour whilst young. Our doing so much violence to their strength in this country, whilst their sinews are yet too flexible and tender, and have not acquired due substance and tensity, is the occasion of their growing old so soon, and becoming, at such a premature period of their lives, totally unfit for any, but the lowest drudgery. We have had some instances of horses reaching forty years of age, but thirty seems to be, in general, their latest period; and it may be compared to the human date of threescore and ten. As man is in the flower of his strength, from thirty-five to forty years of age; by a parity of reasoning, our horses would be in their highest state of perfection, for strength, toughness, vigour, and expertness at their business, from ten to fifteen, were we honest and humane enough, to allow them the fair chances of existence. That such theory will not treacherously abandon us in practice, as is too often the case, I have reason to be convinced, from some pleasing experiments of my own, and from the observation of those of other people. What a happy plan, where we can make humanity and interest coincide—but do they not always coincide? What a saving to individuals, and the country at large, to double almost the period of

service in that vast number of our horses, which are now prematurely torn to pieces, and destroyed. I shall embrace every opportunity which presents, in the course of this work, to point out the means most conducive to this desirable end. Horses, for slow draft, (the least injurious of all their labour) may be put to gentle work, in careful hands, even at two years old, without sustaining any injury —and it is the custom of the country: but great care ought to be taken, never to put them upon long and heavy jobs, or subject them to heats and colds, and piercing winds; and, in particular, not to strain them at dead pulls; for amongst an infinity of accidents, to which, in that green age, they are liable, hurts in the loins are to be apprehended, from which they never after recover.—Every body will tell you, that road-horses and hunters, should not be worked until five years old; and it is most true: the latter, indeed, ought not to endure many severe runs, the first season. But it is not enough, that young horses are not worked hard; that is to say, ridden fast, or long journies; for whatever bone they may have, no high weight ought to come upon their backs, until they have attained, at least five years growth. From the improvident custom of over-weighting them too early, even if they are ridden slow, arisewindgals, splents, spavins, weakness of the joints, and that common tribe of defects, which are the consequence of over-stretched ligaments.

The English have been ridiculed by foreigners, for making curtails, both upon their kings and their horses. As to those made upon the latter, I think there can be no doubt of the utility. Long tails, for which some people are such warm advocates, setting aside the incommodity to the rider, of being fanned by them, dirty or clean, do not, in their appearance convey that idea of expedition upon which our affections are so bent in this country; buckled up, they to be sure have the air *militair*, but do not look sportsmanlike, which is our mark. A horse will carry even a better full tail, (a long one I mean) for having been docked; and it is an old opinion, which carries a shew of reason with it, that by abridging the tails, you strengthen the loins of horses. As what I have to say upon the tails of horses, is of a general nature, I may as well say it in this place, and have done with it. It has ever been my favourite study, (when leisure was permitted me) to endeavour, by all feasible means, to lessen the miseries of animals, and it is true, this principle has often forced me to turn executioner. I had heard of many accidents, some of them fatal, from horses being docked at too late a period, and by bungling blacksmiths; and indeed I had seen several operations of the kind, which made me sick. It occurred to me, that colts ought to be docked early, whilst the tail is tender and grisley; which operation I ever afterwards performed upon my own, myself, with a good sharp kitchen knife, with all possible success, and which I wish to recommend as a general custom.—The two last I docked, were one about three months, the other about three weeks old; the one got by a cart, the other by a bred horse. These colts were perfectly tame and handy, (a state in which I always choose to have them) and whilst eating a few carrots, they suffered me to tie their hair up, *secundum artem*, and to make the stroke, which curtailed them in an instant; and with so little pain, that they scarce left their carrots. The usual quantity taken off, agrees in length with the width of a man's hand;

hand; but perhaps it ought to be rather more from the consideration of its being done so early. The bred colt was so indifferent about the matter, that he suffered me, about half an hour afterwards, to lay hold of his tail again, and make a ligature to stop the blood. If a flux of blood be not desired, a ligature may be made, previous to the operation; but in case of plethora, dullness, or heaviness about the head and eyes, it may be presumed, that bleeding will benefit the colt, and the wound may be entirely neglected. If any application be thought necessary, nothing is so proper as French brandy. No twitching, tramelling, searing with hot irons, nor any of the barbarous Vulcanion apparatus, is here required; and what will weigh more than all the rest, with certain of my readers—no farrier's bill.

Of nicking, I shall say but little; in truth, if nobody were more attached to it than I am, the art would soon be lost, from disuse. At present, I must allow, we set horses tails in a more natural form, than some years back, when it was the custom to cock them bolt upright, in a most burlesque, and preposterous manner, and a young horse, with his blazing meteor displayed *a posteriore*, looked just as naturally and in character, as a young fellow with his head enveloped in the curls of an enormous perriwig. My prejudice in favour of every thing appertaining to the turf, may perhaps warp my judgment; but I am all for broom or racing tails, such as are "cut square by the Russian standard;" these, I think, are becoming and natural to all sorts and sizes of horses, but more particularly at this time, now the shew of blood is so universal. As to the art of nicking, every dealer or farrier can perform it. Bartlet's supposed improvement, I understand, did not succeed. I speak not from my own knowledge.

I have also cropped yearlings. It is apparent in that time, or at any rate at two years old, whether from the over size, ill shape, or position of the ears, it will be ever necessary to crop the nag; and if so, there is an obvious convenience in having it done early, and before he comes into work; and I have never found that the after-growth of the ear spoiled the crop. There is one disadvantage in this business, which however some people will think an advantage. It furnishes an opportunity of deception. One of the colts mentioned above, I sold to a dealer at two years old; being cropped and docked, and neither his ears nor tail bearing the least mark of recent operation, he in one single day more reached four years of age, and was actually sold at Winchester fair, as a four-year old.

The practice of castrating horses so universal in this country, is no doubt founded upon the most rational experience of its use and propriety; viewing it even in the light of humanity, it is preferable. We do not find that inferiority in geldings for any services, which theoretical reasoning upon the matter might lead us to suppose. The difference between the sexes, I judge to be, that mares are neither able to carry or draw such heavy weights as horses, or geldings; and that horses have the superiority in those two respects.

The chief disadvantage of mares, is their faintness, and loss of appetite, during their horsing time, continuing, perhaps, two or three days, at several intervals in the spring; but this is, in truth, of so small import, that thousands of people who work mares, perceive nothing at all of the matter; and this trifling inconvenience is

 infinitely

infinitely overbalanced by the consideration, that if an accident should happen to render your mare totally unfit for labour, she may still produce you a substitute. Mr. Marshall has recommended spaying mares very strongly, which he supposes a new idea; but such does not appear to be the case, as I have seen an advertisement, sixty or seventy years old, of grass for sprayed mares. There can be no doubt but mares might be cut with equal safety as heifers; but, I conceive, by no means with equal, or indeed any probable advantage. We have all the reason in the world to be satisfied with the labours of our mares unspayed; now should an accident happen to a spayed mare, we could not eat her, as we could a heifer.

For many years past, the people of this country have wisely adhered to the natural paces of the horse, which are walk, trot, canter, and gallop. The canter is a natural pace, (although many horses require to be taught) as is obvious, from colts of a few weeks old performing it in a handsome manner. In former days when facetious principles of all kinds were in vogue, and were held so indispensible; and when the studies of men seemed to be directed to an inversion of the order of nature, in so many respects, they did not forget to supplant her in the motions of their horses, by forcing them into artificial paces. Thus Markham, and the old writers, describe pacing and racking, which they took the pains to teach their horses by cruel and dangerous methods. These motions were a kind of mixture, or confusion of the natural paces, as may be conceived from the mode in which they were taught, namely, by forcing the horses to go with their legs tied. Racking, it seems, was that irregular run, between a trot and a gallop, which we often at this time observe a horse to fall into, when badly ridden, and of which many horses acquire the habit. Pacing was not entirely out of vogue in Bracken's days, and I have known one pacing-horse, within my own memory, they call him a natural padder; but his padding seemed to me to proceed either from some defect, or from bad riding.

I shall defer awhile speaking farther of the paces, and proceed to the proper shape and qualifications of saddle-horses. And first, with respect to beauty in horses; strictly speaking, it is the necessary result of symmetry, and exact proportions; but nevertheless, many thorough-shaped horses are not accounted handsome; and more, which have a beautiful and gallant appearance, are far enough from being thoroughly well made. This requires no explanation. In this country where speed is the first object, provided a horse be well made in the cardinal points, (if I may be permitted the expression) or those parts most immediately contributory to action, beauty is taken for granted, by the knowing ones. Has he a large head? Well, he carries it himself; the question is, does he carry it last, and in a good place? Is he a ragged hipped one? Never mind he is well filleted.—Goose-rumped? What o'that, he rises well before, and is deep in the girt—There is, however, a very erroneous notion, which has been long current, but, most assuredly, is not sterling. It is said, that "Horses of all shapes and makes may be goers." This verisimilitude has taken its rise, from horses of rough and unpleasing appearances, but in reality possessing considerable extent in the most material parts, being often endowed with great powers of action. I have heard it was the saying of old Frampton, or old Bracken, or some

some other great judge, that—"Horses always go with their shoulders." In truth, no horse with a small fleet, upright shoulder, was ever a goer. Goodness depends so far upon shape, that whenever you have obtained hack, hunter, or racer, right in the material points, you are sure of some qualification above the common run; you have got either extraordinary speed, or great powers of continuance; which will, again, materially depend upon animal temperament. The material points are, a deep and oblique shoulder, length, width in the quarters, and free course for the wind.

Flatness, and depth, are the basis, or principle of speed; but to produce strength, goodness, and beauty, substance is necessary. So to speak, rotundity, swelling over a deep and flat ground, forms the true shape of a nag; this is most apparent in the counter shoulder, and deep oval quarter.

A hack, or hunter, ought to be shaped, in all points, exactly like a race-horse, bating somewhat of his length; the abatement for the hunter, it is obvious, need not be so considerable.

(To be continued.)

THE SPORTING BARONET, &c.

AN extract from the new comedy of *The Secret;* for an account of which see our Magazine for March, Vol. XIII. page 323.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Harry Fleetly and Jack Lizard.

Sir Harry. Nine hours, fifty-nine minutes, and fifty-three seconds, by my watch, and I stopped the whole way, *(re-enter Lady Esther, they bow)* pretty good going for the last hundred.

Lady Est. Some important motive, no doubt, to cause such haste.

Sir Harry. O yes; to look at a horss!

Lady Est. Two hundred miles to look at a horse!

Sir Harry. Jack says his points are perfect—and he knows. I must introduce him—Lady Esther, this is my friend, Jack Tacid—Jack this is Lady Esther Dorville—Jack is the most useful fellow breathing; if you want a carriage built, dogs trained, or horses broke, there's not his match—he is every thing at the club—Lord Spot's ponies and pointers were all his choosing—but what we most admire is his talent for conversation.

Lady Est. I am glad to hear it; a pleasant companion is such an acquisition in the country.

Sir Harry. A pleasant companion? he's the best companion breathing—he never opens his mouth—Jack's the only man I know that can hold his tongue amusingly.

Lady Est. How.

Sir Harry. O he's not one of your damn'd prosing clever fellow's, who are always on the watch for a good thing, as they call it; I hate wit, it always spoils society; your clever fellow is a bore that I constantly blackball. Why the other day, in spite of all I could do, they let a couple into the club, and instead of eating their dinner quietly, they were going off the whole time like a pair of castanets in a fandango, and kept up such a whizzing about our ears, that Lord Spot, and a score of us sent in our resignation, and took our mutton quietly at another shop.

Lady Est. Now that you have let your house in this neighbourhood, Sir Harry, I did not expect the pleasure of seeing you—I was quite—

Sir Harry. Yes, I have let the house, but I kept the stabling and paddocks—

paddocks—the prettiest run for brood mares in all England—is'nt it Jack, *(Jack nods)* then the fruit and game pays the expence.

Lady Est. What, do you sell your fruit and game?

Sir Harry. We all do—don't we Jack? *(Jack nods.)*

Lady Est. True, but you have the house in Suffolk, which is, I have heard, the best situation of the two.

Sir Harry. So it is—nets me a clean 500—does'nt it Jack? *(Jack nods.)*

Lady Est. How? with a clear unincumbered estate of 6000l. a year—do you let both the family seats?

Sir Harry. Family seats, why they only lead to expence, eh, Jack? *(Jack nods.)*

Lady Est. And you have no country house?

Sir Harry. Nor town house either.

Lady Est. What have you left the house in the square.

Sir Harry. To be sure—we can't maintain houses, can we Jack?—No, there's no affording to have a house now—posting is so dear—*(Jack nods.)*

Lady Est. Where then is your residence?

Sir Harry. If by residence, you mean where do I dress, I have lodgings in Bond street, and occasional apartments at all the watering places.—Or, if by residence you mean where do I usually sleep, I generally post in the night, and sleep in my carriage, we all do—don't we Jack? *(Jack nods.)*

Lady Est. In your carriage?

Sir Harry. Yes—I can't bear to be stationary, we none of us can—and I verily believe that to breathe the same air for twenty-four hours would be the death of me—it would be the death of all of us—would it not Jack?—Of this, at least, I am sure, that I should have no appetite, and what would be life without an appetite?

Lady Est. Perhaps we have staid in this air too long already—Mr. Dorville is within—Mr. Tacid will attend us—change of air, is, I suppose, just as necessary to your friend as to yourself.

Sir Harry. No faith, I will say that for Jack—his appetite never fails, and I'll tell you how I account for it—most people have too ways of using their mouths; now, as he never speaks, he has but one, and in that one he makes up for both!—[*Exeunt Sir Harry and Lady Esther; as Jack Lziard is following*

SCENE IV.

Enter Susan on the opposite side.

Susan. Hist—hist—it certainly is—why brother, this is unexpected indeed—did you come with Sir Harry?

Jack Liz. Hush—hush—I did!

Susan. This it is to be a man of talents—its an introduction to the first society.

Jack Liz. Hush—hush! or you'll ruin me—talents an introduction!

Susan. Aye, I suppose it was your last pamphlet introduced you to Sir Harry.

Jack Liz. My last pamphlet—if Sir Harry suspected me of being able to put two sentences together, he'd drop me at the first turnpike.

Susan. What, then it was your taste for poetry?—I always said that you was a pretty poet, and so us'd all the young ladies at Mrs. Monsoon's.

Jack. No, Suzey—the most useful piece of knowledge I ever learnt, was to affect ignorance—I have made my way with Sir Harry, and the whole set, by constantly appearing to have an inferior understanding to theirs—they fancy I am a dull illiterate fellow, and make me their butt forsooth.

Susan

Susan.—Well now—I can't put up with that—if any of our young ladies, at Mrs. Monsoon's, make a butt of me, I always lose my temper.

Jack. Pshaw—as their jokes are without point, I never triumph so much as when the laugh is against me.

Susan. Eh!—here is my father.

SCENE V.

Enter Lizard.

Lizard. My dear Jack—how fortunate!

Jack L. Jack—for the world don't call me Jack—if Sir Harry knew I had a poor relation he'd suspect some design, and cut directly.

Susan. Jack came down with Sir Harry Fleetly— is his intimate friend.

Lizard. I know it, I know it, I have heard of his new silent nodding acquiescing character — the rogue! Aye, these are the fruits of the education I have given you all —a liberal education—sent you all to the best schools, and lest they should spoil you by indulgence, never paid a sixpence after the first quarter—oh, there's nothing like giving children a liberal education.

Jack Lizard. Liberal enough, you taught us life, as the Indian teach their children to swim—they seize them by the nape of the neck as soon as born, and chuck them into the water to shift for themſelves.

Lizard. Aye and they always swim—what, you got my letter, Jack, eh?

Jack Liz. Yes, it was that brought me down with Sir Harry— but what are you doing in this part of the country; why send for me in such haste.

Lizard. To introduce you to a nabob.

Jack Liz. What's the story of this nabob?

Susan. Aye, father, what's the story of this nabob?

Lizard. In the first place, I mean that Susan should marry his son.

Susan. I, I marry the son of a nabob.

Lizard. In the next place I mean that you should marry an Indian heiress, who is his ward.

Jack Liz. But how am I to marry his ward?

Susan. How am I to marry his son?

Jack Liz. What is your influence over her (rapidly, on each side of Lizard).

Susan. What is your influence over him.

Lizard. Secrets, secrets all; in the first place, this heiress is one whose fortune is a secret even to herself.

Jack Liz. How, a secret?

Lizard. Yes, a secret, which you shall hear from me, and she from you.

Susan. But the young nabob is in possession of his fortune.

Lizard. And I of the secret by which it was acquired; come with me, and I'll introduce you both directly.

Jack Liz. Father, you are a great man!

Lizard. You compliment, Jack, you compliment.

Jack Lizard. I feel the kindred spirit mounting.

Susan. So do I—I'll go and put on my cloaths directly—that is, Lady Esther's cloaths I mean.

Lizard. Your hands (takes one of each) courage, and the day's our own.

Jack Lizard and Susan. We'll not degenerate father, we'll not degenerate.

Lizard. If the doctor and the architect were here, my happiness would

would be complete; what a book Jem's is, proves to demonstration—(Jack Liz. stops his mouth) what a head Jerry has for building and improvement—(Susan stops his mouth) diseases arise! run you up a house! (they alternately stop his mouth as they are going off) To be sure there never was such a family!!

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The garden at Mr. Dorville's.

Enter Sir Harry, followed by Jack Lizard.

Jack Liz. Is it possible, Sir Harry, that you can refuse me?

Sir Harry. Have a care, Jack, have a care—you are growing chatty—and that you know I can't endure.

Jack Liz. 'Sdeath would not any man be chatty with a pack of bailiffs at his heels?

Sir Harry. It has been the fate of many a great man, Jack.

Jack Liz. A great man can afford it; when a great man is arrested, people only say that he is gone to his villa; it's not the arrest I care for, but the sum, a paltry five hundred.

Sir Harry. Five hundred, paltry! why its the price of my horse Dancer.

Jack Liz. As you sold him yesterday, you must have the cash about you.

Sir Harry. That money is sacred, you know it is.—What, would you have me defraud my stud of its compliment—You see, Jack, you see—the moment you begin to talk, you are irrational. Why you are as bad as a wit, your wits are always poor and chatty; however, I'll tell you what, though I can't give you the money, I'll do as well, I'll give you a piece of advice—there's no caption yet—eh! they have not dubb'd you (tapping him over the shoulder).

Jack Liz. No, but they are in full cry.

Sir Harry. Change your county then directly, that's the way—change your county, and you are safe—the writ won't run into the next.—Why there's Sam Splash has a hunting box for the purpose, stands on two counties, and he only tells his servant, if the sheriff of Middlesex calls, shew him into Surrey; if the sheriff of Surrey calls, shew him into Middlesex; or, if you like it better, speak to Mr. Dorville, lending is his passion—he has no other use for his money.

Jack L. Mr. Dorville is a stranger to me; how can I expect a stranger to lend me money, when my friend refuses me?

Sir Harry. Because he is a stranger Jack! upon my soul you must hold your tongue, or else you'll lose your character; you may lend money to a stranger, but never to a friend; the odds are, that a stranger pays, or else you lay him by the heels; but against a friend a man has no remedy, and your friend never pays you a sixpence—if you was a stranger Jack, I would lend you the money myself; but as you are my friend, the thing's impossible, quite out of the question. [*Exit.*

Jack L. (*calling after him*).—Well, but treat me as a stranger then, no ceremony.

SCENE X.

Before Mr. Dorville's house.

Jack L. waiting.

Jack L. Surely I have not mistaken the spot—where can my father be? I wonder he is not yet come—'Sdeath how unlucky, here is Sir Harry—I'll try to avoid him—'pshaw he has seen me.

Enter Sir Harry.

Sir Harry. Hollo, Jack, why what do you stand lounging about here, when the men are carrying

off

off my horses, instead of yours—have you seen them this way?—Why don't you answer?—you was chatty enough this morning when you wanted money—have you seen them?

Jack Liz. No.

Sir Harry. No!—is this the care you take of my property?

Jack Liz. 'Pshaw, I thought not of your property.

Sir Harry. I tell you that my greys are seiz'd for your debt, and the fellow won't believe that they are mine, though you made me pay four hundred pounds for the set, and they are not worth half the money.

Jack Liz. You have six thousand a year, yet you would sell a horse for double his value, to a poor fellow not worth sixpence.

Sir Harry. I was your friend; you ought to have recollected that.

Jack Liz. Would you have recollected it?

Sir Harry. Why, Jack, your manner is strangely altered.

Jack Liz. I wish that your's was so.

Sir Harry. This insolence from you is insufferable.

Jack Liz. I mean it so; leave me, I have no time to waste on you.

Sir Harry. Why, what do you mean?

Jack Liz. That there's your road; leave me, I am sick of you.

Sir Harry. You sick of me?

Jack Liz. Yes, you have answered my purpose, and I am sick of you.

Sir Harry. Why, zounds, you talk as fluently as I do.

Jack Liz. To your stud, to your stud, I say, and leave me.

Sir Harry. To my stud, is this the return for my friendship?

Jack Liz. Your friendship!

Sir Harry. Yes; my friendship! have I not given you the run of my table—the use of my stud—have I not introduced you to every club I belong to.

Jack Liz. Yes, you gave me the run of your table—out of hospitality? No! it was to taste and commend your wines; you gave me the use of your stud—for my amusement? No! to train and shew your horses; you introduced me to your clubs—as your friend? No! as your butt.

Sir Harry. Well, and you answered my purpose, I will say that of you.

Jack Liz. You thought I answered your purpose. Dull fool! it was you answered mine. You fancied I was your creature! I knew that you were mine.

Sir Harry. Where is your boasted superiority? to live with men whom you despise, to truckle with their foibles, to feed on their vices? While I thought you dull and illiterate I only pitied, now I despise you.

Jack Liz. 'Tis fit you do—pity and contempt are the weapons of ignorance and imbecility.

Sir Harry. 'Sdeath, Sir—do you dare to accuse a man of my education of ignorance and imbecility.

Jack Liz. I, too, had an education—what is called a liberal education; I was sent to a public school, and thence to college; at the end of three years I was thrown upon the world, my imagination ardent, my passions high, my taste correct and cultivated; all my habits, desires, expences, not suited to my own means, but to those of my associates; I was soon involved in debt, I gave myself to the pursuit of letters, my labours were neglected; thrust from the shelf to make room for the frivolities of fashion.

Sir Harry. Eh! how; you are an author too?

Jack Liz. An accident seated me

me at one of your tables; my fancy fired at the opportunity; I shone beyond my hopes—I was complimented—congratulated: I thought my fortune made—fond fool! they shunn'd me ever after; they shrunk abashed with conscious inferiority, and I was left the solitary recluse of a garret; for a while my pride supported me, till imagination sickened under the pressure of want, and all its powers were chilled; food, food seem'd to my parched lips, the only object of desire; I was in possession of the secret; I came again among you, not as before, with a proud display of all I knew; but as one, the energies of whose mind were just equal to the shoeing a horse, and the knowledge of his points; and above all, whose servility would bend under the coarse raillery of you and your associates. I succeeded—I was lifted to the surface—I floated with you and the other insects of the hour.

Sir Harry. Insects! harkee, my man of wit—insects! What your pretensions are to the character of a gentleman, I neither know or care—I have treated you as a gentleman, and insist on the satisfaction of one.

Jack Liz. What, you would fight—Yes, I know you would—you have the courage to fight—I never doubted it; when you have wronged a man—betrayed his wife, or seduced his daughter—you call him out—your amusements have been subservient to your safety—your dexterity is admirable—you can hit a card at thirty paces—you are cool, collected, without passion, without a heart; he comes into the field all sensibility, feeling, emotion; his generous nature has shrunk from the exercise which has given you courage; the deadly weapon is put into his hands for the first time; he hesitates as he raises it; yet this you call meeting on equal terms; this is honourable satisfaction. Yonder I see my father—now fortune, this one opportunity well encountered, and I am made for ever. Nay, Sir, do not follow me, I'll not be followed; some few hours since, I would have met you; life then had nothing worth a thought; but now my prospects brighten—I feel again the glow of existence; I know its value—I will not match it so unequally—to your stud, Sir Harry! to your stud! [*Exit.*

Sir Harry. I'll not be followed! he talks to me as if I was his terrier; d—e, but I'll cross him yet. [*Exit.*

VALUABLE PROPERTIES OF THE TOAD.

A Gentleman whose wall trees suffered much from the incursions of Ants, had for several years tried in vain the usual remedies of hot water, sulphur, tar, tobacco, &c. till happening to mention his disappointment one day to a sensible neighbouring gentleman, he was informed that a toad would prove his best friend, which was confirmed by the following very extraordinary fact.—

"My cucumber frame (says he) was so wholly possessed by a little colony of ants, that for six weeks together, each plant as it shewed itself above ground, was eaten to the quick by these devouring marauders, and I was about to discontinue my heartless efforts, when I was told by a gardener, that by putting a toad within the frame, and keeping it there, the ants would surely disappear, which was literally the case, for in less than two days not one was to be seen; my good friend the toad buried himself in the soft earth of the bed, and remained there in perfect repose till the end of the cucumber season."

To

To avail himself of this useful piece of information, he immediately procured three boards and secured them round the stock of one of his trees, which had suffered most from the depredations of these insects, and inclosed the toad—he was very restless in his situation, and even contrived to get upon the tree, in order to make his escape, but in vain, during two days; at length, on the third, by some means or other, he contrived to elude the endeavours of the gentleman to retain him, but not till every single ant had disappeared, nor has the tree been again visited by them, which is more than two years since. This fact may challenge some future mercy to this useful animal, who is (for what reason we cannot say—for surely the idea of his being poisonous is a vulgar prejudice) usually destined to destruction wherever seen.

N.B. It could never be discovered whether the toad made a prey of the ants, or drove them from their usual haunts by his effluvia.

EXTRACT FROM BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES, RELATIVE TO GAMING, GAME, DESTROYING OF GAME, &c.

NEXT to that of luxury, naturally follows the offence of gaming, which is generally introduced to supply or retrieve the expences occasioned by the former: it being a kind of tacit confession, that the company engaged therein do, in general, exceed the bounds of their respective fortunes; and therefore they cast lots to determine upon whom the ruin shall at present fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer. But, taken in any light, it is an offence of the most alarming nature; tending by necessary consequence to promote public idleness, theft and debauchery among those of a lower class; and, among persons of a superior rank, it hath frequently been attended with the sudden ruin and desolation of ancient and opulent families, an abandoned prostitution of every principle of honour and virtue, and too often hath ended in self-murder.

To restrain this pernicious vice, among the inferior sort of people, the statute 33 Hen. VIII. c. 9. was made which prohibits to all but gentlemen the games of tennis, tables, cards, dice, bowls, and other unlawful diversions there specified, unless in the time of Christmas, under pecuniary pains and imprisonment. And the same law, and also the statute 30 Geo. II. c. 24. inflict pecuniary penalties, as well upon the master of any public house wherein servants are permitted to game, as upon the servants themselves who are found to be gaming there. But this is not the principal ground of modern complaint: it is the gaming in high life, that demands the attention of the magistrate; a passion to which every valuable consideration is made a sacrifice, and which we seem to have inherited from our ancestors the antient Germans, whom Tacitus describes to have been bewitched with the spirit of play to a most exorbitant degree. "They addict themselves, (says he) to dice (which is wonderful) when sober, and as a serious employment; with such a mad desire of winning or losing, that when stript of every thing else, they will stake at last their liberty and their very selves. The loser goes into a voluntary slavery, and though younger and stronger than his antagonist, suffers himself to be bound and sold. And this perseverance in so bad a cause, they call the point of honour; *ea est in re prava pervicacia, ipse fidem vocant.*" One would almost be tempted to think

think Tacitus was describing a modern Englishman. When men are thus intoxicated with so frantic a spirit, laws will be of little avail; because the same false sense of honour that prompts a man to sacrifice himself, will deter him from appealing to the magistrate. Yet it is proper that laws should be, and be known publicly, that gentlemen may consider what penalties they wilfully incur, and what a confidence they repose in sharpers; who, if successful in play, are certain to be paid with honour: or, if unsuccessful, have it in their power to be still greater gainers by informing. For by statute 16 Car. II. c. 7, if any person by playing or betting shall lose more than 100l. at one time he shall not be compellable to pay the same; and the winner shall forfeit treble the value, one moiety to the king, and the other to the informer. The statute 9. Ann c. 14. enacts, that all bonds and other securities, given for money won at play, or money lent at the time to play withall, shall be utterly void; that all mortgages and incumbrances of lands, made upon the same consideration, shall be and endure to the use of the heir of the mortgager; that, if any person at any time or sitting loses 10l. at play, he may sue the winner, and recover it back by action of debt at law; and, in case the loser does not, any other person may sue the winner for treble the sum so lost (10); and the plaintiff may by bill in equity examine the defendant himself upon oath: and that in any of these suits no privilege of parliament shall be allowed. The statute farther enacts, that if any person by cheating at play shall win any money or valuable thing, or shall at any time or sitting win more than 10l. he may be indicted thereupon, and shall forfeit five times the value to any person who will sue for it; and (in case of cheating) shall be deemed infamous, and suffer such corporeal punishment, as in case of wilful perjury. By several statutes of the reign of King George II. all private lotters by tickets, cards, or dice, (and particularly the games of faro, basset, ace of hearts, hazard, passage, rolly polly, and all other games with dice, except backgammon) are prohibited under a penalty of 200l. for him that shall erect such lotteries, and 50l. a time for the players. Public lotteries, unless by authority of parliament, and all manner of ingenious devices, under the denomination of sales or otherwise, which in the end are equivalent to lotteries, were before prohibited by a great variety of statutes, under heavy pecuniary penalties. But particular descriptions will ever be lame and deficient, unless all games of mere chance are at once prohibited; the inventions of sharpers being swifter than the punishment of the law, which only hunts them from one device to another.

The statute 13 Geo. II. c. 19. to prevent the multiplicity of horse races, another fund of gaming, directs that no plates or matches under 50l. value shall be run, upon penalty of 200l. to be paid by the owner of each horse running, and 100l. by such as advertise the plate (11).

By

(10) If the loser does not recover back the money lost within three months, any other person may recover the same, and treble the amount besides, with costs, one half for himself, the other half for the poor. See 1 vol. p. 88, n 20.——(This note will be found at the end of the present extract.) If money be lent to game with, it may be recovered back as money lent, though the bond, note, or other security given for it is void. 2 Burr. 1077.

(11) Newmarket and Black Hambleton are excepted, where a race may be run for any sum or stake less than fifty pounds. But though such horse races are lawful, yet

it

By statute 18 Geo. II. c. 34. the statute 9 Ann, is farther enforced, and some deficiencies supplied: the forfeitures of that act may now be recovered in a court of equity; and moreover, if any man be convicted, upon information or indictment of winning or losing at play, or by betting at any one time 10l. or 20l. within twenty-four hours, he shall be fined five times the sum for the benefit of the poor of the parish. Thus careful has the legislature been to prevent this destructive vice; which may shew that our laws against gaming are not so deficient, as ourselves and our magistrates in putting those laws in execution.

Lastly, there is another offence, constituted by a variety of acts of parliament, which are so numerous and confused, and the crime itself of so questionable a nature, that I shall not detain the reader with many observations thereupon. And yet it is an offence which the sportsmen of England seem to think of the highest importance; and a matter, perhaps the only one, of general and national concern: associations having been formed all over the kingdom to prevent its destructive progress—I mean the offence of destroying such beasts and fowls, as are ranked under the denomination of game; which we may remember, was formerly observed (upon the old principles of the forest law) to be a trespass and offence in all persons alike, who have not authority from the crown to kill game, which is royal property) by the grant of either a free warren, or at least a manor of their own. But the laws, called the game laws, have also inflicted additional punishments (chiefly pecuniary) on persons guilty of this general offence, unless they be people of such rank or fortune, as is therein particularly specified. All persons therefore, of what property or distinction soever, that kill game out of their own territories, or even upon their own estates, without the king's licence expressed by the grant of a franchise, are guilty of the first original offence, of encroaching on the royal prerogative (12). And those indigent persons who do so, without having such rank or fortune as is generally called a qualification, are guilty not only of the original offence, but of the aggravations also, created by the statutes for preserving the game: which agravations are so severely punished, and those punishments so implacably inflicted, that the offence against the king is seldom thought of, provided the miserable delinquent can make his peace with the lord of the manor. This offence, thus aggravated, I have ranked under the present head, because the only rational footing, upon which we can consider it as a crime, is, that in low and

it has been determined, that they are games within the statute of 9 Ann. c. 14, and that of consequence, bets of wagers above 10l. upon a lawful horse-race, are illegal. 2 Bl. Rep. 706. A foot-race, and a race against time, have also been held to be games within the statute of gaming. 2 Wils. 36. A wager for less than 10l. upon an illegal horse-race, is also void and illegal. 4 T. R. 1. Wagers, in general, by the common law, were lawful contracts; and all wagers may still be recovered in a court of justice, which are not made upon games, or which are not such as are likely to disturb the public peace, or to encourage immorality, or such as will probably affect the interests, characters, and feelings of persons not parties to the wager, or such as are contrary to sound policy, or the general interests of the community. See 3 T. R. 693, where the legality of wagers is fully discussed.

(12) This doctrine, so frequently repeated by the learned commentator, that no person had originally, or has now, a right to kill game upon his own estate, without a licence, or grant from the king, is controverted at large, by the editor, in 2 vol. p. 419, n. 10. See this note also at end of the extract.

indigent

indigent persons it promotes idleness, and takes them away from their proper employments and callings; which is an offence against the public police and economy of the commonwealth.

The statutes for preserving the game are many and various, and not a little obscure and intricate; it being remarked, that in one statute only, 5 Ann. c. 14, there is false grammar in no fewer than six places, besides other mistakes: the occasion of which, or what denomination of persons were probably the penners of these statutes, I shall not at present enquire. It is in general sufficient to observe, that the qualifications for killing game, as they are usually called, or more properly the exemptions from the penalties inflicted by the statute law, are, 1. The having a freehold estate of 100l. per annum; there being fifty times the property required to enable a man to kill a partridge, as to vote for a knight of the shire: 2. A leasehold for 99 years of 150l. per annum: 3. Being the son and heir apparent of an esquire, (a very loose and vague description) or person of superior degree (13): 4, Being the owner, or keeper, of a forest, park, chase, or warren. For unqualified persons transgressing these laws, by killing game, keeping engines for that purpose, or even having game in their custody, or for persons (however qualified) that kill game, or have it in possession, at unseasonable times of the year, or unseasonable hours of the day or night, on Sundays or on Christmas day, there are various penalties assigned, corporeal and pecuniary, by different statutes; on any of which, but only on one at a time, the justices may convict in a summary way, or (in most of them) prosecutions may be carried on at the assizes. And lastly, by statute 28 Geo. II. c. 12. no person, however qualified to kill, may make merchandize of this valuable privilege, by selling or exposing to sale any game, on pain of like forfeiture, as if he had no qualification (14).

(13) It is not necessary that it should be a freehold, or a legal estate, for copyhold, or an equitable estate of inheritance of the clear value of 100l. per annum, is a qualification. But it is not sufficient, if the value of the estate is reduced below that sum, by the interest of a mortgage. Cald. Cas. 230. A life estate, as a church benefice, must be of the clear annual value of 150l. See 1 vol. p. 60. n. 9. The eldest son of an esquire, or of any person of higher degree, is qualified without any estate, whilst his father is living; but the father himself, though an esquire, doctor, knight, or person of still higher rank, is not qualified without having the estate required by the statute. Jones v. Smart, 1 T. R. 44. But by the 25 Geo. III. c. 50, and 31 Geo. III. c. 21. every person, who shall go in pursuit of game, without taking out a certificate from the clerk of the peace of the county or district, within which such person resides, shall forfeit twenty pounds. The clerk of the peace shall receive for the certificate 3l. 4s. and the certificate shall be in force from the day of its date till the first of July next following. And if any person shall produce his certificate to any other person, who is in pursuit of game, he may demand of him to shew his certificate; and if he does not, he may then demand of him his name, and place of abode, which if he refuses to give, or gives a false name, or place of residence, he shall forfeit 50l. For game-keepers, see 2 vol. p. 418. n. 9.

(14) But a person qualified to kill, is not subject to any penalty for buying game.

Note referred to in page 76.

(20) And therefore it has been held, that the same words in a statute will bear different interpretations, according to the nature of the suit or prosecution instituted upon them. As by the 9 Ann c. 14. the statute against gaming; if any person shall lose at any time or sitting 10l. and shall pay it to the winner, he may recover it back within three months; and if the loser does not within that time, any other person may sue for it, and treble the value besides. So where an action was brought to recover back fourteen guineas, which had been won and paid after a continuance at play,

except

except an interruption during dinner, the court held the statute was remedial, as far as it prevented the effects of gaming, without inflicting a penalty; and therefore, in this action, they considered it one time or sitting: but, they said, if an action had been brought by a common informer for the penalty, they would have construed it strictly in favour of the defendant, and would have held, that the money had been lost at two sittings. 2 Bl. Rep. 1226.

Note referred to in page 77.

(10) The learned judge has frequently, and even zealously inculcated the position that the common law has vested the sole property of all the game in England in the king alone, and of consequence that no man, let his rank and fortune be what they may, is qualified to kill game, or is exempt from the original penalties, unless he possesses some peculiar privilege derived from the king. This doctrine, enforced by so celebrated an author, apparently the result of mature deliberation, and which has been so long acquiesced in, the editor should have questioned with diffidence, if he had not been fully persuaded that it was unsupported by any prior authority, and that the authorities to the contrary were numerous and irresistible.

The learned judge himself admits, that this is a novel doctrine to such as call themselves qualified sportsmen; yet he has referred to no preceding authority whatever in any part of the Commentaries; but in p. 415. he has deduced his doctrine from two general principles, viz. that the king is the ultimate proprietor of all the lands in the kingdom, and therefore he has the right of the universal soil to enter thereon, and to chase and take such creatures at his pleasure. From the king's right to the universal soil, it is not evident why he should have a better right to take such creatures, than to take any other production of that soil.

And even if the king's majesty should have a right to enter all the lands of the kingdom in pursuit of game, this affords no inference that the land-owner may not enjoy this right concurrently with the king. But although no complaint can perhaps be made against the king for entering the lands of his subjects, it has been determined that this power cannot be given to his foresters and servants in a case in Keilway, which I shall presently have occasion to take notice of.

The other general principle replied upon by the learned commentator is, another maxim of the common law, which he says, he has frequently cited and illustrated, that these animals are *bona vacantia*, and having no other owner, belong to the king by his prerogative. It has been determined, that fish, if not confined as in a trunk, cannot be called *bona et catalla*; and so game, till it is taken, is every where said to be *nullius in bonis*. But I am inclined to think that the very reverse of the maxim is true, and that *bona vacantia* belong to the first occupant or fortunate finder, except in those instances particularly specified by the law, and in which they are expressly given to the king. See 1 vol. 299, n. 12. A person might have acquired by occupancy, even in the last century, an estate in real property. See p. 258, *ante*. If a pearl should be found in an oyster, no lawyer, I think, would say, that it was the property of the king. If all wild animals had belonged to the crown, it would have been superfluous to have specified whales, sturgeons, and swans. Lord Coke tells us, "that a swan is a royal fowl; and all those the property whereof is not known, do belong to the king by his prerogative; and so whales and sturgeons are royal fish, and belong to the king by his prerogative." Case of swans, 7 Co. 16. "And the king may grant wild swans unmarked." Ib. 18. But these are the only animals which our law has conferred this honour upon.

SPORTING WITH THE FEELINGS AND APPETITE OF AN INDIGENT RELATIVE.

A PARISIAN ANECDOTE.

PREVIOUS to the French revolution, a person who had become the intendant of a province, and had a fine house at Paris —this circumstance so strongly excited the emulation of one of his country cousins, that persuading himself his uncle would at least do something handsome for him, resolved though in the midst of winter, to pay him a visit at the capital.—To be the better received, he contrived to announce his intention of coming to town.

Accordingly, arriving late in the evening at the house of his uncle, he was admitted by the servants, and informed that the intendant could not be seen that night, being out

out of town: but being told that supper was ordered for him, and that he must of necessity sup alone, instead of plenty of good bread and cheese, or bacon, which the countryman would have preferred to what he had, he was presented with a dish of chocolate, and a solitary biscuit; and being previously shewn to his bed, in a closet upon the same floor, he was left to his repose. Sleeping in a down bed, and probably weary over night, it is not surprising he should sleep till nine the next morning; and his bed being placed in a kind of recess, or closet, seeing no light, he naturally supposed it was not day, and therefore took another nap till about noon; but not then hearing the least stir in the house, though he was rather disconcerted, he did not attempt to knock or call any of the servants till evening; when one of them, who was in the secret making his appearance about half-dressed, and with a candle in his hand—in a tone of affected surprise, asked the countryman, what he wanted? "To get up, an you please," was the answer. "What (replied the domestic) do you want to alarm the whole house? why there is nobody stirring yet—it is not above one o'clock in the morning." Then leaving the new guest, though not able to compose himself, he retained his impatience till midnight; when knocking again, another servant made his appearance, with a bottle of water in one hand, and a light in the other.—"Are you unwell, Sir? (said he) why do you make such a disturbance so early in the morning, when there is not a single soul stirring in the whole city; it is not more than three o'clock yet!"—The poor stranger, now finding no resource but patience, again betook himself to his dark retreat; but at the expiration of three hours more racked by hunger and impatience, he could no longer contain himself; he now made more alarm than before, and was again told it was not day.—"*Pardieu*, (replied he) day or not day, let me out, I have no relish for such a cursed country as this, where a man may be starved to death before morning." He was accordingly let out, and being starlight, it was some hours before this poor devil, (sufficiently weaned from expectations of his uncle's hospitality) was able to ascertain the full extent of this deception.

SINGULAR MODE OF SHOOTING CROWS IN ITALY.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

BEING called up, says the relator, early in the morning, a few days after Christmas, we proceeded with two servants about a mile from the city of Milan, and entered a large meadow covered with hoar frost, when my friends conducted me to a cottage, a little on one side of the meadow, where we found five or six peasants, with a good fire, and several fowling pieces, and abundance of ammunition in readiness.

Being told that every thing was not yet prepared, we drank coffee, till the peasants, who had left us about half an hour, returned, and informed us that we might proceed as soon as we pleased.

We however advanced no farther than the porch of the house; where, as we waited some time without the appearance of any crows, I was querying to myself what this farce would end in, when we first saw about fifty of them flying at a considerable height, but directly towards us. I was eager to fire at them, but my friend checked my ardour; stay, said he, they will descend presently, and approach

approach so near us, that we may shoot them without trouble. And soon after, to my utter astonishment, I observed them stop their course all at once, take several circuits round the meadow, and afterwards descend a few at a time upon the ground, upon which we were waiting for their appearance.

Not knowing the secret, my curiosity still increased, especially as I observed that the whole of them had not only descended, but that they seemed to have stationed themselves, as it were in various parts of the field. But this was not all; for, upon a closer inspection, I found that their heads were absolutely fixed in the ground, from whence, after a struggle of some duration, I saw them successively rising, and, apparently, with a white cap upon their heads, and which I soon perceived to be made of strong cartridge paper.

It was now that this comedy commenced, and began to take a tragical turn; for the crows, to liberate their heads, putting themselves into a number of laughable attitudes, brought forward the six peasants, who clapping their hands, and setting up a loud cry, the motion of the crows became the most confused imaginable; their flight, if such an aukward movement deserves that name, was in all directions, often striking against each other, and that with such force, as frequently brought them to the ground.

It should be observed, that the noise of their talons, scratching upon the thick paper caps that inclosed their heads, had no small effect; till in the end, taking to our fire arms, we were employed near an hour in shooting them; at the termination of which, I was informed by my friend, that holes being purposely dug in the ground, and filled up with papers of a conical form, and the narrow extremities of the latter containing each a piece of raw meat, it was the smell of the flesh that brought the crows to the spot. It is further to be observed, that the inside of this paper cap was so copiously larded with bird lime, and attached so much the closer by the pressure of the crows heads after the meat, that it was impossible for them to disengage themselves.

MISFORTUNES OF AN IRISH VOLUNTEER CORPS.

FROM A CORK PAPER.

AS soon as ever (says the captain) the news arrived of the probability of our being called into actual service, a kind of general trepidation ran through the whole corps. However, as we thought it high time to leave the guarding of cattle and potatoes to the civil power, and to get as perfect as possible in real military tactics, I accordingly marched my men into the church yard; but while I was busy in teaching them a number of new manœuvres, as how to receive the enemy's bayonet in the most fleshy part, &c. an old woman, who occasionally acts as Sexton, had the insolence to lock us in, which afforded several spectators on the road high diversion, as they observed to one another, that we looked more like sheep in a pound, than prisoners of war! We had no petards in our park to blow up the gate, and a man of my bulk could not think of getting over the palisades. However just as I was about calling a council, to deliberate upon a general escalade, the old woman sent her daughter with a penny trumpet, bought at our fair, to offer us liberty; and as I thought it best in such untoward circumstances to capitulate, I paid her half-

half-a-crown, and we accordingly marched out of the church-yard, with all the honours of war, colours flying, music playing, drums beating, &c. &c.

THE GAME OF BRUSQUEMBILLE.

THIS game is played by two, three, four, or five persons; when there are two or four players, they use a picquet pack of thirty-two cards; but when there are three or five, the pack consists of thirty only, for two of the sevens, no matter which two, are then thrown out.

When there are four players, they play two against two; and they place themselves together on the same side of the table, in order to communicate their games to each other.

The ace and the ten are the brusquembilles, and consequently the first cards of the game; that is, the ace makes the ten, the ten the king, the king the queen, the queen the knave, the knave the nine, the nine the eight, and the eight the seven; but you must observe, that the higher card must be of the same suit to win, unless it is a trump, for the seven of trumps wins the ace of any other suit.

When they play the party, that is one against one, or two against two, they agree before hand what they are to play for; and when there are three or five players, each takes a number of counters, which they estimate as they intend to play, high or low.

They then see who is to deal, and when the cards are cut by the player on the left of the dealer, he gives to each three cards, and takes as many to himself, either one by one, or all three together, and turns up the top card of the stock, which is the trump, and which he leaves turned, half under the stock, that it may be seen. Then he that is to play, leads such card as he thinks proper, to which the second plays what card he pleases, and so does the rest; and he that wins the trick, whether by playing a higher in the same suit, or by trumping, takes a card from the top of the stock, and so the others, each in his turn, and then begin the play again, as at the first round; and after that trick is made, they begin again in the same manner, till all the cards of the stock are exhausted; and he that takes the last card, has the trump that was turned up.

You will observe, that we said that the second player plays such card as he pleases, for at this game they are not obliged to follow the suit led, though they have it, for there is no renounce, and they may even trump a suit of which they have some in hand.

Such is the method of playing at this game, each player dealing in his turn, till they have played the number of deals that was agreed on; and when there is no certain number fixed, you are at liberty to quit the party at the end of every deal.

We will not shew the rewards that are paid at this game, which, however, don't take place, but when there are three, or five players, or four, that don't play the party, two against two.

He that plays the brusquembille ace in trumps, receives two counters from each player for every ace he plays, provided he wins the trick; otherwise, instead of receiving, he pays two counters to each player.

It is the same with regard to the ten, for which a counter is paid by each player to him that plays it, if he wins the trick; and he pays a counter equally to each player, if the ten he plays is won by another, whether

whether by being trumped or otherwise.

In the next place, he who has the most points in the tricks that he has made, wins the party, which consists of as many counters as they have agreed on. The following is the manner of counting the points; after all the cards of the stock are taken in, and all the cards in hand are played; each one examines the tricks he has made, and counts for each ace eleven points, ten for every ten, four only for the king, three for the queen, and two for each knave. The other cards are not counted.

Having thus reckoned up his game, he that has the most points, as was said before, wins what every one put down for the game.

The player should therefore strive to make those tricks where there are the most points, such as the ace, the ten, the kings, queens, and knaves, in order to win the stake, which is the most considerable part of the game.

Good sense, joined to experience, will much sooner make a good player at this game, than all the rules that we can give. The situation of the game, must frequently determine how he is to act; for the same hand requires to be played sometimes one way, and sometimes another; for example, when you are advanced in points, you should sometimes take a trick, though there are but few points in it; whereas, if you were not advanced, you should pass it, in order to make those tricks where there were the most points.

There are not many laws belonging to this game; the following, however, are proper to be regarded, as they tend to make the game amusing and interesting.

LAWS OF THE GAME OF BRUSQUEMBILLE.

1st. If the dealer finds one or more cards turned in dealing, or turns them himself, he deals again.

2d. If there should be a card too few in the pack, whatever was paid during the play, stands good, but nobody can win the party; and if there are two cards of the same sort, the deal is no longer played, when it is discovered; but if it is finished it stands good.

3d. He that plays before his turn, cannot take up his card.

4th. He that has once played a card, cannot take it in again on any pretence whatever.

5th. He that takes from the stock before his turn, and has joined the card to his hand, pays to him to whom the card should belong, half of what is on the game, and delivers up the card to him; but if he has not joined it, but only seen it, he pays two counters to each player, and gives the card to him that should have had it.

6th. He that in taking a card from the stock, sees the next card, pays two counters to each player.

7th. When they play the party, two against two, if one of the players sees a card that should go to one of his adversaries, they are at liberty to begin the party again: but if it comes to him or to his partner, the play is continued on.

8th. There is no renounce, and you are not obliged to play a higher card to one that is played.

9th. He that calls his point, and may have more than he called, but does not discover it before the cards are mixed, cannot recall it, and loses the party, if another player has more points than he first called.

10th. He that quits the party before it is finished, loses it.

These laws, as we have said, are of no great extent, and it is but seldom that it is found necessary to put them in practice.

No account can be given concerning the name of this game.

PERFORMANCES OF A BRACE OF PEDESTRIANS.

JULY 15th, 1799, Joseph Wacket, a horse-hair weaver, for a wager of ten guineas, undertook to walk from London to Coggeshall, in Essex, (forty-five miles) in eight hours, which he accomplished with apparent ease, in seven hours and forty-five minutes.

In the summer of 1780, he walked a mile against J. Waters, on the Kingsland road, and beat him—he walking the mile in eight minutes and an half and nineteen seconds.

In September, 1782, Wacket walked a second time, for twenty guineas, against Waters, five miles on Clapton Common, and again beat him by two minutes and an half, by walking that distance in forty-six minutes.

M[illegible] 11th, 1785, for a wager of five guineas, he walked two miles against time, on Clapton Common; he was allowed eighteen minutes, but performed it in seventeen minutes and twenty-nine seconds.

June 28th, 1792, for a wager of twenty guineas, he walked against —— Watson, a famous and unrivalled walker six miles on the Kent road; he beat Watson hollow, and performed the journey in fifty-eight minutes and an half.

May 29th, 1794, he undertook, for a bet of ten pounds, to walk from Whitechapel church to Romford church in two hours, which he performed in one hour and fifty minutes.

August 7th, 1798, being then fifty-six years of age, he undertook, for a considerable wager, to walk from Westminster-bridge, to the market house at Horsham, in Sussex, (thirty-six miles) in seven hours and an half, which he accomplished, though the weather was very sultry, in six hours and forty minutes.

July 7th, 1790, John Barrett, a journeyman taylor, undertook, for a bet of five guineas, to run from the Horse Shoe, Clerkenwell Close, to Windsor, and back again, in seven hours, which he performed in six hours and fifty minutes.

1791, he, for fifteen guineas, ran from the ten-mile stone, at Enfield, to Shoreditch-church, in fifty-nine minutes and fifty-four seconds. —He was allowed an hour and five minutes. The bets were high against him.

April, 1792, he, for a trifling wager, ran from the Anchor, in Leadenhall-street, to the Harrow, at Stratford, and back again, in forty-five minutes. He was allowed an hour.

The next day he engaged, for a bet of ten guineas, to run the same ground, to eat a beef steak of half a pound, and drink a pint of wine with an hour, which he accomplished in fifty-three minutes.

July 13, 1793, he ran ten miles for twenty guineas on Kersal Moor, near Manchester, against Henry Wilkinson, a famous runner from Warrington, in Lancashire, and beat him with ease, running the ten miles in fifty-seven minutes.—The bets were three to two against him.

August 27, on Sevenoak Vine, in Kent, he won a wager of fifty guineas, by beating the noted —— Wilsom, of Tenterden, in Kent, running five miles on Barham Downs, near Canterbury. This distance he ran in twenty-seven minutes and nine seconds.

June 24th, 1794, he ran a match of ten miles on the Romford road, for fifty guineas, against the noted Spaniard, which he lost, being an hour and seven minutes in running the ten miles. The bets were four and five to one in favour of Barrett. This was so palpable a *cross*, that none of the sporting gentlemen would afterwards back him.

MATRIMONIAL

MATRIMONIAL SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

WE hear that a match will be shortly made between the mourning coach of a rich merchant's widow, with a great jointure, and an hunter, in fine order, belonging to a younger brother of a noble family.

A running horse, highly valued for his blood, is expected to start soon with a young filly, from Yorkshire. Many thousand pounds are depending on this match.

A gay phaeton, belonging to a young heir, just of age, came to town last week, and was intended to be matched with an equipage of the first note; but having unfortunately run against an hazard-table, it broke down, and the match was broke off, at which the owner is much hurt.

A few days ago, a fortune-hunter, from Ireland, mounted on a single horse, attacked an heiress, in a coach and four.—The lady made little or no resistance, and suffered herself to be rode away with to Gretna Green.

A short time since, an old-fashioned two-wheel chaise, with a single horse, contrived to hold an elderly maiden lady, had driven about the public places for some time past; but having jostled against the *sulky* of an old bachelor, in his grand climacteric, it was judged expedient to join them together; when they formed a most agreeable *sociable*, for the mutual accommodation of both parties.

OBSERVATIONS ON GAMESTERS AND GAMING.

THE most advantageous and genteel of all professions, is gaming. Whoever will make this science his study, will find it the readiest way to riches, and most certain passport to the best company; for the polite world will always admit any one to their society who will condescend to win their money.

The followers of this profession are very numerous, which is indeed no wonder, when we reflect on the numbers it supports in ease and affluence, at no greater pains than packing the cards, or cogging the dice, and no more risk than being sometimes tweaked by the nose, or kicked out of company; besides which, this profession daily receives new lustre, from the many persons of quality that follow it, and crowd into it with as much eagerness, as into the army.

Among gamesters, may also be found lawyers, who get more by being masters of all the cases in Hoyle, than by their knowledge of those recorded in the report books.—Physicians, the object of whose attention is the circulation of the E O table; and divines, who, we may suppose were hinted at by a famous wit, in a certain assembly; among the other benefits resulting from a double tax upon dice, he thought fit to enumerate, that it might possibly prevent the clergy from playing at back-gammon.

It is vulgarly supposed, that the events of gaming are regulated by blind chance and fortune! but the wise and polite, (that is, the knowing ones) cannot but smile at the absurdity of this notion; though even the sagacious Hoyle and Demoivre themselves, by the nicety of their calculations, seemed to have adopted this ridiculous doctrine.—The professors at the polite gaming houses of St. James's, and the experienced adepts in the mysteries of gaming, kindly condescend to give lessons at reasonable rates, to those novices who imagine that the events of play, like those of war, are uncertain; and so cogent is their method of instruction, that they

they never fail to convince their pupils, that success at dice, as well as at bowls, depends upon a skilful management of the bias, and that the cards are not shuffled by the blind hand of fortune.

CHARACTER OF A SPORTING PARSON.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Folkstone, March 27.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM just returned from having paid a visit to an old acquaintance, Jack Buckskin, who is now become the Reverend Mr. Buckskin, rector of ——— parish, in this county, a living worth upwards of three hundred pounds per annum.

As the ceremonies of ordination have occasioned no alteration in Jack's morals and behaviour, the figure he makes in the church is somewhat remarkable; but as there are many other incumbents of country livings, whose clerical characters will be found to tally with his, perhaps a slight sketch, or, as I may say, a rough draught of him, with some account of my visit, will not be unentertaining to your readers.

Jack, hearing that I was in this part of the kingdom, sent me a very hearty letter, informing me that he had been double japanned (as he called it) about a year ago, and was the present incumbent of ———, where, if I would favour him with my company, he would give me a cup of the best ale in the county, and would engage to shew me a noble day's sport, as he was in a fine open country, with plenty of foxes. I rejoiced to hear he was so comfortably settled, and set out immediately for his living.

When I arrived within the gate, my ears were alarmed with such a loud chorus of "No mortals on earth are so jovial as we," that I began to think I had made a mistake; but its close neighbourhood to the church soon convinced me that this could be no other than the parsonage house.

On my entrance, my friend, (whom I found in the midst of a room full of fox-hunters) got up to welcome me to ———, and embracing me, introduced me to his friends; and placing me at the right hand of his own elbow chair, assured them that I was an honest cock, and loved a chase of five and twenty miles an end, as well as any of them. To preserve the credit of which character, I was obliged to comply with an injunction to toss off a pint bumper of port, with the foot of the fox dipped and squeezed in it, to give a zest to the liquor.

The whole economy of Jack's life, is very different from that of his brethren.—Instead of having a wife, and a house full of children, (the most common family of a country clergyman) he is single, unless we credit some idle whispers in the parish, that he is married to his housekeeper.

The calm amusements of picquet, chess, and backgammon, have no charms for Jack, who sees his "dearest action in the field," and boasts, that he has a brace of as good hunters in his stable, as ever leg was laid over. Hunting and shooting are the only business of his life; fox hounds and pointers lay about in every parlour; and he is himself, like Pistol, always in boots.

The estimation in which he holds his friends, is rated according to their excellence as sportsmen; and to be able to make a good shot, or hunt a pack of hounds well, are the most recommending qualities. His parishioners often earn a shilling and a cup of ale at his house, by

by coming to acquaint him that they have found an hare sitting, or a fox in cover. One day, while I was alone with my friend, the servant came to tell him, that the clerk wanted to speak with him. He was ordered in; but I could not help smiling, when, (instead of giving notice of a burying, christening, or some other church business, as I expected), I found the honest clerk came only to acquaint his reverend superior, that there was a covey of partridges, of a dozen brace, at least, not above three fields from the house.

Jack's elder brother, Sir Thomas Buckskin, who gave him the benefice, is lord of the manor; so that Jack has full power to beat for game unmolested. He goes out three times a week with his brother's hounds, whether Sir Thomas hunts or not, and has besides a deputation from him as lord of the manor, consigning the game to his care, and empowering him to take away all guns, nets and dogs, from persons not duly qualified. Jack is more proud of his office, than many other country clergymen are of being in the commission of the peace. Poaching is, in his eye, the most heinous crime in the two tables; nor does the care of souls appear half so important a duty, as the preservation of the game.

Sunday, you may suppose, is as dull and tedious to this ordained sportsman, as to any fine lady in town; not that he makes the duties of his function any fatigue to him, but as this is necessarily a day of rest from the usual toils of shooting, and the chase. It happened, that the first Sunday after I was with him, he had engaged to take care of a church, which was about twenty miles off, in the absence of a neighbouring clergyman. He asked me to accompany him, and the more to encourage me, he assured me, that we should ride over as fine a champaign open country, as any in the world. Accordingly, I was roused by him in the morning before day-break, by a loud hallooing of "Hark to Merriman," and the repeated smacks of his half hunter.

After we had fortified our stomachs with several slices of hung beef, and a horn or two of stingo, we sallied forth.—Jack was mounted upon a hunter, which he assured me was never yet thrown out; and as we rode along, he could not help lamenting that so fine a morning should be thrown away on a Sunday, at the same time remarking that the dogs might run breast high.

Though we made the best of our way over hedge and ditch, and *took* every thing, we were often delayed by trying if we could prick a hare, or by leaving the road to examine a piece of cover; and he frequently made me stop, while he pointed out the particular course that reynard took, or the spot where he had earthed.

At length we arrived on full gallop at the church, where we found the congregation waiting for us; but as Jack had nothing to do but alight, pull his band out of the sermon case, and clap on the surplice, he was presently equipped for the service. In short, he behaved himself, both in the desk and in the pulpit, to the entire satisfaction of all the parish, as well as the squire of it, who, after thanking Jack for his excellent discourse, very cordially took us home to dinner with him.

I shall not trouble you with an account of our entertainment at the squire's, who being himself as keen a sportsman as ever followed a pack of dogs, was hugely delighted with Jack's conversation.—Church and King, and another particular toast, in compliment, I suppose, to my friend's clerical character, were the first drank after dinner; but

but these were directly followed by a pint bumper to "Horses sound, dogs healthy, earth's stopt, and foxes plenty."

When we had ran over again, with great joy and vociferation, as many chases as the time would permit, the bell called us to afternoon prayers; after which, though the squire would fain have had us stay and take a hunt with him, we mounted our horses at the church-door, and rode home in the dark, because Jack had engaged to meet several of his brother sportsmen, who were to lie all night at his own house, to be in readiness to make up the loss of Sunday, by going out a shooting very early the next morning.

I must leave it to your readers to make what reflections they please on this character; only observing, that the country can furnish many instances of these ordained sportsmen, whose thoughts are more taken up with the stable or dog-kennel, than the church; and indeed it will be found, that my friend Jack, and all of his stamp, are regarded by their parishioners, not as parsons of the parish, but rather as squires in orders.

Your's, &c.

J. J. B.

ASSAULT.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH. MAY 16.

BEFORE LORD KENYON AND A SPECIAL JURY.

HUMPHRIES *v.* LORD CAMELFORD.

(*See our last Number, page* 36.)

MR. Gibbs said, this was an action brought against the Hon. Thomas Lord Camelford, for an assault on the plaintiff, and truly sorry he was to state, against a Nobleman of the defendant's high rank, such facts as he had it in his power most satisfactorily to prove. The plaintiff was the son of a most respectable clergyman in the country, but had himself been brought up to trade in the house of Messrs. Wilkinson, Hodgson, and Mitchell, who were certainly the first chymists and druggists in the city of London, and about four years ago, entered into partnership in the present firm of Chamberlain and Humphries. On the 2d of April last, the nephews of the late Mr. Montgomery Campbell, the East India Director, who were at Eton school, were on a visit in town, and in the evening were taken to Drury-lane play-house, for their amusement. Mr. Humphries went for the purpose of meeting them.—He went to the front boxes by the way of Vinegar yard. There were about four steps necessary to mount to get into the lobby. The plaintiff had got up these four steps, and was looking through the glass of one of the doors of the boxes, in order to see whether his company were there. At this moment Lord Camelford came and pushed him away; he asked him why he did so? there was no quarrel between them, nor any improper language used by the plaintiff; but Lord Camelford, without provocation, struck him with his fist in the face, and knocked him down the steps. Surprised as Mr. Humphries was at this treatment, he got up, and asked Lord Camelford what reason he had for doing so? the answer was another blow as violent as the first, which knocked him again down the steps; and the consequences might have been fatal, had not a gentleman, who was coming up the steps, broke his fall. Mr. Humphries again got up, and asked Lord Camelford why he had done this? he told

told him his own name, and desired to know who it was that had so improperly insulted him? Lord Camelford made no answer; the question was repeated, but no reply made; and then Mr. Humphries used an expression which, under all circumstances, no one could, and he was persuaded the Jury would not think improper—he told him he was a *scoundrel*.—This certainly was an epithet which ought not to be used without great provocation; but he begged to know what denomination any person would bestow on another who was unknown to him, had twice knocked him down, and when called on for his name had refused to give it?—Lord Camelford had time for recollection, but did not use it. He returned to the attack, and knocked him down again. He was much more than a match for the plaintiff, who indeed gave him no opposition. He at last left him with one of his eyes almost beat out of his head, wounded near the temple over the eye, and the blood gushing out, and wholly disabled by the treatment he had received. In this situation Lord Camelford left him, never once affording the least assistance, but went to a different part of the house. The indignation of the persons around was roused, and a constable was sent for, who searched for Lord Camelford, found him, and carried him to the watch-house. It was not till he reached the watch-house that he told his name. The plaintiff was bound over to prosecute, and afterwards preferred a bill of indictment, which was found. He, however, afterwards gave notice to the defendant, that he would not follow it up, but would bring the present action.

Mr. Gibbs said, he should be one of the most forward to find an excuse for the defendant, if possible; but really he could discover nothing to palliate his conduct. He hoped his learned friend would, for he was sorry to see a person of the defendant's high rank, demean himself so.—Was he intoxicated?—This would have been a bad excuse; but if that had been the case, Mr. Humphries might have expected some apology from the 2d of April to the present time. No apology had been offered from that time to this; and therefore the defendant was driven to seek that redress, which he claimed by the verdict of the jury. When he stated the defendant had offered no apology, he should have added that his conduct had aggravated that circumstance—for there appeared in the newspaper of the 22d of April last, an advertisement, published officially, and signed by his attornies, to this effect:

"If the gentleman who happened to be standing by, and saw the beginning of the disagreeable transaction at the door leading to the boxes of Drury-lane Theatre, on the night of the 2d instant, and whom one of the parties desired to lend him a pencil, will leave his name at Mess. Winterbottoms and Dunn, it will tend to prevent injustice, if this business should be the object of legal investigation."

This Gentleman had been found, but not by this advertisement. In fact, he was the very person who had received Mr. Humphreys when he was falling, in consequence of the second blow of Lord Camelford. This gentleman seeing the advertisement in the paper, having never before known Mr. Humphries, thought it his duty to call on, communicate with, and inform him how far he had witnessed the transaction: this was the person who was asked for the pencil, but did not give it, he, in fact, having none. He should not leave him to be called by the counsel for Lord Camelford, but would call

him for the plaintiff, who was desirous the whole truth should be known. The jury would then say what compensation ought to be received for such an injury—a grosser one he never heard of.—Here was a respectable young man, conducting himself peaceably at a place of public amusement, beat most unmercifully without any cause, and no apology afterwards offered, though the person, if a gentleman, could not but have been conscious of the impropriety of his conduct. Mr. Humphries demanded redress of the jury as a legal tribunal, conceiving himself entitled to large damages.—He trusted they would shew, that no situation in life, no rank however exalted, no opulence however considerable, could put a man above the reach of the law; and concluded by expressing his firm persuasion, that a proper verdict would be returned by those, to whom the plaintiff had submitted his case.

EVIDENCE.

James Bennet, the box-keeper of Drury-lane theatre, said, he was attending his duty on the 2d of April.—When half-price was proclaimed, he saw two gentlemen at the top of the steps, leading towards the boxes from Vinegar yard; they were looking through the glass in the door; he heard one of the gentlemen say, he had as much right to look through as the other; immediately the one who was the taller of the two, whom he afterwards knew to be Lord Camelford, knocked the other, who was the plaintiff, Mr. Humphries, down; he fell head over heels down the steps. He got up, and asked him, what he meant by that? Lord Camelford knocked him a second time down the steps. He got up, and asked for a pencil to take Lord Camelford's address with? No one gave him any, nor did Lord Camelford give him his address when he asked for it; upon which he called him a scoundrel; he seemed agitated by his falls, but was not in a passion. Lord Camelford, who was in the act of going away, turned round, and gave him four or five blows in the face, and beat him about the eyes, one of which was cut open, and the blood streaming down. The witness was called away to open some boxes, and when he returned, Lord Camelford was gone; he went to the upper boxes; he had not told who he was: he was afterwards carried to the watch-house.

On his cross-examination by Mr. Erskine, he said there was generally a very great crowd at half price.—He did not know how long Lord Camelford and Mr. Humphries had been looking into the box, or which had been there first; the box would have admitted two persons. Being asked whether Lord Camelford made a blow or only pushed Mr. Humphries, he repeated, it was a blow he gave. He said, Mr. Humphries, after being knocked down, asked why he had done so in the mildest tone of voice. The witness was farther interrogated, but repeated the same evidence he had given. Upon being re-examined by Mr. Adam, he said, the defendant was a tall, powerful man, near six feet high, and the plaintiff a short man, and comparatively weak.

Catherine Brown, a fruit woman attending the theatre, stated the circumstance of the plaintiff's coming into the house, by the way of Vinegar-yard door, and looking through the glass into the boxes. She said Lord Camelford came up at the same time; that the first words she heard were, Mr. Humphries saying, he had as much right to look through as the other. Lord Camelford knocked him down, and the witness thought he must have

broke

broke his neck. He got up, and was knocked down a second time; and when he rose again, Lord Camelford said, Who are you, and what are you? He replied, that he was a gentleman, that his name was Humphries, and he lived at No. 6, Clement's Inn. He asked Lord Camelford for his address, but it was not given. Lord Camelford afterwards struck him several blows on the face. Mr. Humphries said, will no one come and take my part? No one interfered on either side.—Mr. Humphries behaved with moderation; she never saw any gentleman take such ill treatment so mildly before in her life. She added that there was no great crowd, and that Lord Camelford went away first.

Mr. Joseph Cooper, a Quaker, said, he went into the house at half price; he saw the plaintiff and defendant disputing about the box.—The taller and stronger of the two, knocked the shorter down by a violent blow. The witness assisted him to get up; as soon as he had ascended the steps, he was knocked down a second time with the same force; he fell against the witness. Mr. Humphries said it was very harsh treatment; asked him who he was, and desired him to give his address. The witness was asked for a pencil, but he had none. Lord Camelford would not give his address, and was walking off, when Mr. Humphries called him a scoundrel; upon which the other came up, and beat him over the face in a very violent manner. The witness never knew either of the parties before, but was induced to wait upon and communicate with Mr. Humphries, in consequence of thinking him extremely ill used, and being advised by his own father and friends to come forward.

Mr. Borlase a surgeon, said, he had attended Mr. Humphries, in consequence of the violence which had been offered him. His face was very much bruised; he was much disfigured, cut over the eyebrow, and appeared to have received a very violent blow on the lower part of the orb of his eye.—He was very unwell in consequence of it, and somewhat feverish; he attended him ten days.

DEFENCE.

Mr. Erskine began by saying he was counsel for the noble Lord, who had been brought before the court by Mr. Humphries, to answer for an assault. The latter gentleman had instructed his counsel to state, that no apology had been offered by Lord Camelford; his learned friend, he observed, had particularly used that expression, because he knew he could not with propriety have said there had been no proposition for a reference—had he been so instructed, his instructions would have been false, as Lord Camelford had been uniformly desirous of referring the dispute to that private tribunal, which certainly would have been much better calculated to have settled it than a court of justice. As far as he related to referring the cause, there had been no overtures which Lord Camelford had not been desirous of making; but certainly his Lordship, with that spirit which became him, and was fitting for him to possess, and which no gentleman and nobleman, conscious of having received an injury, ought to divest himself of, would not submit to acknowledge himself in the wrong. To a reference, by which both parties might have been examined on their oaths, he had been ever extremely ready to agree. In the shape in which the question was now brought forward, it was impossible for the jury to discover who was the provoker of the quarrel. The plaintiff, by abandoning his indictment, in which he would have appeared as prosecutor, deprived

deprived the defendant's counsel of the opportunity of cross-examining him.—Although he had had a bill found upon his own evidence, yet he dared not to follow it up, conscious that it would be more to his advantage to have his story told by his counsel, than by himself, subject to a cross-examination in open court. His learned friend had finished his address by remarking, that no rank or station placed any man in this country above the law. —If this had ever been a questionable proposition in this country, either now or at any former period of its history; if at any time it had occurred to any one to dispute the proposition, this would have been an important cause indeed. If the noble Lord, in the course of the trial, had attempted to set himself above the law, or had endeavoured to have shewn himself possessed of any privilege that placed him beyond the coercion of a tribunal of justice, in such case the jury would, by their verdict, justly teach him, that equality, the only true equality, consisted in making all men, of every description, amenable to justice. The jury had not the beginning of the affray. The fact was—these gentlemen were standing up, both looking into the boxes, and a dispute arose, but which was in the wrong, there was no evidence to prove. Mr. Erskine seemed chiefly to rely upon the argument, that the plaintiff, after receiving the first blows, ought to have appealed to the bye-standers, instead of provoking the defendant by the expression he had used. The only blows which had produced any injury to the plaintiff, were subsequent to that provocation. He observed there were only two ways of obtaining satisfaction for an injury: the one by appealing to the laws of honour, and the other to a jury: and if a person intended the latter, it was his duty to appear before that jury himself free from blame, and making his injury the foundation of his claim. In this case it was to be observed, that the two first blows were all the plaintiff had a right to complain of, and they were not attended with consequences that entitled the plaintiff to serious damages.

Lord Kenyon observed, that the anxiety and eloquence displayed by the learned counsel, in making an apology for the defendant, only tended the more to satisfy his mind how imperfect that apology was. There was one observation made by him, which he could not pass over unnoticed. He had told the jury there were two ways of redressing an injury; one as a gentleman, by an appeal to the laws of honour; and the other, by an appeal to the laws of the country. It was therefore for the jury to decide whether the plaintiff had made a proper choice; and he sincerely hoped the jury would, by their verdict, convince the world, that when persons were insulted, and made their appeal to a court of justice, and the laws of their country, such appeal should not be made ineffectually.

The jury retired a very short time, and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, Five Hundred Pounds.

Mr. Gibbs requested his Lordship to certify.

Lord Kenyon said, he certainly would. He highly approved of the verdict. Young men of high rank and hasty tempers, he said, ought to have such a lesson read to them.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS I am a great admirer and constant reader of the Sporting Magazine, if you think the two

Howitt i. e. f.

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HUNTERS
crossing a River

two following instances of singular sagacity in the feathered race will entertain your readers, and be worthy of your publication, they are heartily at your service.

Your's, &c.

Twickenham, May 22. A. B.

Being upon a visit to the family of Mr. G—— R——, a wealthy and respectable farmer in the East Riding of Yorkshire, about seventeen years ago, my host informed me, the day after my arrival, that he would entertain me with a very uncommon pensioner, who attended him every day at a certain hour. Accordingly, about one o'clock, he took a large piece of raw meat, and conducting me to the back door of the house, gave a loud whistle; when, to my great astonishment, the pensioner, who was no other than a large hawk, flew from one of the highest trees in an opposite grove, and rested upon his hand, where he remained, with great composure, until he had finished his meal. The farmer then made a motion, as if he might depart, which he immediately did, flying to the grove from whence he came. Mr. R——, who is a man of undoubted veracity, assured me, that he had continued this diurnal practice for some years, and that his first visit was without any kind of invitation; that one of his servants, happening to be, as is frequently the case, eating his luncheon at the door, the bird, without ceremony, flew down, and secured it for his own use. The farmer added, in his own good natured, hospitable way, that he was always welcome, and never, by any kind of accident, disappointed.

The other (which I heard from a friend upon mentioning the above) no less extraordinary instance, is as follows:—"Being (said he) at the seat of the Earl of Cork, in Ireland, I saw a kite, of the largest growth who had taken up his residence in that nobleman's garden for four years. He was the constant guardian of the place, and would never suffer any sort of marauders whatever, to intrude on the premises.—Rats, mice, and birds, fell victims daily to his talons; cats and dogs found him a mortal enemy; nor were the human species, if strangers, free from his attacks. I have heard the gardener, Jones, declare, he would rather have him as a protection, than the best dog in the kingdom, as no creature, of earth or air, was safe from his talons. He never paired with his own species, neither would he permit one of them to come near the grounds, though several attempts had been made, and battles fought, in which he always came off victorious. When I first went there, he alarmed me more than once.—His method was, to soar upon the wing very high, and take several circuits, till he got perpendicular above his object, when he would fall like a stone, and with a weight sufficient to stun or knock down a man. I have been obliged several times to take shelter under a tree, or in a hovel, to avoid him, else I should have felt the effects of his resentment; but the danger was over as soon as I grew familiar with him."

As neither of these birds had been tamed or trained by man, before they took possession of their stations, I consider them as wonderful beings, and as such transmit you an account of them.

HUNTERS.

[*An Etching by Mr. Howit.*]

LEAVING our artist, Mr. Howit, to the exercise of his own judgment, in the choice of a subject for the present month's Magizine,

Magazine, he has favoured us with the one above mentioned.—The only objection that can be made to it is, its similarity to a former plate, given in our Magazine for August, 1793, called "*The Stag Chase through the Thames.*" This Etching however, when compared with the Engraving alluded to, is by no means a copy, nor any thing like it, as may be seen by comparing the two.—It is true that both plates represent hunters crossing a river, but in very different situations, &c. &c.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

FATAL RESULT OF A TRIFLING WAGER, COMMUNICATED IN A LETTER FROM NEWCASTLE, DATED MAY 18.

A Few nights ago, three gentlemen set off from Hawkshead, to go to a place near Ulverston:—soon after they got upon the road, which is in some parts very indifferent, and in general very uneven, two of them proposed to gallop their horses to a certain distance, of a few miles, for a trifling wager.—They were riding at full speed, when coming to a place called Foss bridge (about six miles from Hawkshead) at the bottom of a steep hill, both horses ran with such violence against the parapet wall of the bridge, as to break it down; both, of course, plunged into the stream, the bed and sides of which are rock. One of the gentlemen, a young man of the name of Taylor, was killed upon the spot; as was also his horse. The other had one of his thighs broken, and the leg shattered in a dreadful manner. The third person, whom they left at some distance behind, passed the bridge soon afterwards, without perceiving what had happened: but not long after, the discovery was made by a man travelling that way, who was alarmed by the groans of the survivor, whom, with the dead body of his companion, he found in the horrible situation above described.

ANECDOTES OF AN EXTRAORDINARY SPORTSMAN.

JOHN Metcalf, commonly called Blind Jack of Knaresborough, was born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, on the 15th of August, 1717. When four years old, his parents, who were labouring people, put him to school, where he continued two years; he was then seized with the small pox, which totally deprived him of his sight, notwithstanding every means were employed for its preservation.

At the end of six months from this period, he was capable of going from his father's house to the end of the street, and to return without a guide; and, in about three years, he could find his way to any part of Knaresborough; he now associated with boys of his own age, and soon became an adept in the depredatory pranks of robbing orchards, &c.

His father keeping horses, he learned to ride, and in a little time was an able horseman; a gallop was his favourite pace. When thirteen years of age he was taught music, in which he acquired a proficiency, though the cry of a hound or a harrier was more congenial to his taste, than the harmony of any instrument. He kept a couple of hounds of his own, and often hunted with a Mr. Wooburn, of Knaresborough, who kept a pack, and constantly invited Metcalf to join him in the chase.

His activity, and the success with which his exploits were usually attended, led him to imagine he might undertake any thing without his

his sight; but a severe wound he received in his face, by falling from a tree into a gravel-pit, when about fourteen years of age, taught him to regret his want of it.

About this period, 1731, he learned to swim, and became so very expert, that his companions did not chuse to come near him in the water, it being his custom to seize, plunge them down, and then swim over them for diversion. In this year two men were drowned in one of the deeps of the river Nid, and Metcalf was employed to get up their bodies—he succeeded in bringing up one.

He practised constantly on the violin; yet notwithstanding this application, he found an opportunity to play a number of mischievous tricks on his neighbours, and for a long time escaped suspicion, owing to his blindness; however, his expertness became known, and when any keen trick had been played, the first enquiry was, where Metcalf was at the time.

The assembly at Knaresborough, and many other places where there was public dancing, he attended during the winter season; and though his time was much engaged in this way, he retained his fondness for hunting, and likewise kept game cocks.—Whenever he went to a cock-pit, he generally placed himself on the lowest seat, near to some friend who was a good judge, and who, by certain motions, enabled him to bet, hedge, &c.

In 1732, he was invited to Harrogate, to play at the assembly, and was well received by the visiting nobility and gentry. Metcalf was now generally engaged at the different assemblies round the country, and his engagements increasing, he took a partner, who was also a good performer. In this employment he passed his evenings, and the mornings he spent in cocking, hunting, and coursing.

At this period, also, he bought a horse, and often run him for small plates. Sometimes he played at bowls, and singular as it may seem, was frequently the winner. He would also play at cards, and generally won the majority of games.—He constantly attended the races at York, and other places; at the race ground he commonly rode in amongst the crowd, kept in memory both the winning and losing horses, and was often successful in his bets, in which, however, he was generally assisted by some gentleman, being known to several.—At different times he bought some horses to sell again, which he often did with large profits, so accurate was his judgment of them.

In 1738, he attained the age of twenty-one; he was then extremely robust, and six feet one inch and an half in height About this time he acquired considerable celebrity as a pugilist, from the following circumstance:—a friend of his being insulted in a public house by a man of the name of Bake, who, from his uncommon prowess and savage ferocity, was the general dread of the neighbourhood, Metcalf bestowed such discipline on him, as soon extorted a cry of mercy.

Returning one day on foot from Harrogate, he was, when he had proceeded about a mile on his way, overtaken by a Knaresborough man on horseback, who proposed, for two shillings worth of punch, to let him ride in turn, dividing distances equally. To this Metcalf agreed, upon condition of having the first ride, which was assented to, on these terms; that he should ride a little beyond Poppleton field, where, on his right hand, he would *see* a gate, to which he should tie the horse; Metcalf, however, rode on to Knaresborough, and, in excuse for his conduct, pleaded that he never *saw* the gate.

He

He was now in the prime of life, and possessed a peculiar archness of disposition, with an uncommon flow of spirits, and an unparalleled contempt of danger; and though his conduct was long marked by a variety of similar tricks to the one before related, he afterwards brought to perfection several schemes both of private and public utility. When the Harrogate season was over, Metcalf constantly remained a few days, and passed his evenings at one or other of the different inns. At the Royal Oak (now the Granby) he attracted the notice of one of the landlady's daughters, and her constant attention and kindness soon gave rise to a mutual affection. Knowing however, that her mother would oppose their union, various successful devices were employed to conceal their reciprocal partiality and frequent meetings. An event however occurred, which compelled Metcalf not only to quit the object of his attachment, but likewise that part of the country.

A young woman became enamoured of him, and resolved at the expence of her virtue to gain his attachment. Metcalf was no *Joseph*, and did not long delay to meet her "willing love." The consequence of her imprudence was evident in a few months. She besought Metcalf to marry her! but she having made the first advances, he did not feel his conscience interested, and refused this compensation. Her only recourse was to apply to the parish, which Metcalf finding she had done, he, with some difficulty, obtained a meeting with Miss Benson, of the Royal Oak, mounted his horse, proceeded to Scarborough, and from thence to Whitby, and got on board an allum ship bound for London.

Obtaining intelligence in London of several gentlemen who visited Harrogate, he paid his respects to them, and Colonel Liddell, then member for Berwick-upon-Tweed, gave him a general invitation to his house.

At the commencement of the Harrogate season, the Colonel prepared to attend it, and told Metcalf he might ride behind the coach; but this he refused, saying, he could walk as far every day, as he (the Colonel,) would chuse to travel. About an hour previous to the Colonel's setting off, which was on a Monday, Metcalf started, and on the Saturday following they were at Wetherby; Metcalf was, however, at the inn before the coach, as he had been every stage from London. The Colonel wished him to stop here till Monday; this he refused and sat off immediately for Harrogate; from whence he had been absent seven months.

Here he found the woman who had been the cause of his journey, comfortably situated, and not inclined to trouble him. Miss Benson also received him very affectionately.

During his absence, a young gentleman had paid his adresses to Miss Benson, and now urged his suit with such ardour, that the banns were published, and the wedding day appointed, much to Metcalf's disappointment, who conceived himself secure of her affection; and though he loved her tenderly, his pride prevented him from manifesting his feelings, or attempting to hinder the match.

On the day preceding that on which the nuptials were to be solemnized, Metcalf, riding past the Royal Oak, was accosted with "one wants to speak with you" Instantly he went towards the stables of the Oak, and there to his joyful surprize, he found the object of his love who had sent her mother's servant to call him. Endeavouring to disguise his feelings, he said, "well lass, thou'rt going to have a merry day to-morrow, am I to

to be the fidler?" She replied, "thou shalt never fiddle at my wedding."—"What's the matter?" retorted Metcalf. "What have I done?"—"Matters may not end as some wish they should," she returned.—"What! (exclaimed Metcalf) hadst thou rather have me? can'st thou bear starving?"—"Yes, with *thee* I can," was her reply. "Give me thy hand then, lass, its all done." An elopement was resolved upon, which Metcalf, with the assistance of a friend, effected that night, and early in the morning they were united.

Mrs. Benson, much enraged at her daughter's conduct, refused to see her, or give up her cloaths, until Mrs. Metcalf, being delivered of a daughter (a second child), she stood sponsor to it, and presented Metcalf with fifty guineas; his first child was a boy, and some very respectable persons having acted as sponsors to it, they prevailed on Mrs. Benson to be reconciled with her daughter.

Metcalf resided at Knaresborough, and by playing at Harrogate, and other assemblies, supported his family. During the season at Harrogate, he set up a four-wheel chaise, and a one-horse chair, for public accommodation. When the innkeepers began to run chaises, he gave up this profitable scheme, and with it racing and hunting. He then bought horses, and went to the coast for fish, which he took to Leeds and Manchester to sell: and such was his indefatigability, that he would frequently walk two nights and days with little or no rest. But the profits of this business being small, and the fatigue considerable, he soon relinquished it.

At the commencement of the rebellion in 1745, he gave up his situation as violin player at Harrogate, and adopted the profession of arms!!!—These are the particulars of this very singular event.

William Thornton, Esq. of Thornville, having determined to raise a company at his own expence, asked Metcalf, (whose extraordinary disposition was known to him, from his generally passing Christmas at that gentleman's mansion) whether he had spirit to join the company about to be raised, and whether he knew of any spirited fellows likely to make good soldiers; to which, replying in the affirmative, he was appointed assistant to a serjeant, and in two days he raised one hundred and forty men, out of whom the captain drafted sixty-four, the number of privates he wanted.

With this company, among whom was Metcalf as musician, Captain Thornton joined the army under General Wade. The first battle in which they were engaged, twenty of the men, the lieutenant, and the ensign, were taken prisoners, a fate Captain Thornton narrowly escaped. Metcalf escaped from the field safe; and having got possession of one of Captain Thornton's horses, proceeded in search of his captain, and followed the army to Edinburgh. Unsuccessful in his enquiries, he determined on a journey to Falkirk, the town near which the battle was fought. Here he was taken by the Scotch as a spy, tried by a court martial, and acquitted; after which he met a gentleman, who directed him where he might find the captain at Edinburgh. To that city he returned again, and there found his patron, who expressed great pleasure at seeing him again, ordered him a new dress, and directed him to resume his situation. Metcalf was always on the field during the different engagements which afterwards occurred, and after the battle of Culloden, returned home with Captain

Captain Thornton, in whose service he continued; till the captain, being engaged in different pursuits, was obliged to part with him.

This was about a year after his return to Knaresborough: he now for a short time attended Harrogate in his former capacity; but having, during his Scotch expedition, become acquainted with the various articles manufactured in that country, and judging that some of them might answer for him to traffic with in England, he repaired in the spring to Scotland, and furnishing himself with various cotton and worsted articles, particularly Aberdeen stockings, he returned to England to dispose of them.—Amongst a thousand articles, he knew what each cost him, by a particular mode of marking them. He also dealt in horses, and engaged deeply in the contraband trade, until the year 1751, when he commenced a new employ.

He set up a stage waggon between York and Knaresborough, being the first on that road, and conducted it constantly himself, twice a week in the summer, and once in winter; and this business, with the occasional conveyance of army baggage, employed his attention, until the period of his first contracting for the making of roads, which suiting him better, he relinquished every other pursuit.

He had studied measurement in a mode peculiar to himself; and when certain of the girth and length of any piece of timber, he was able to reduce its true contents, to feet and inches, and would bring the dimensions of any building into yards or feet.

The first piece of road he made, was about three miles of that between Minship and Fearnsby. By the means he used, he compleated the road sooner than was expected, to the entire satisfaction of the surveyor and trustees.

Soon after this, he contracted for building a bridge at Boroughbride, which he compleated with considerable credit to his abilities.

In this business of making roads, building and repairing bridges, he continued till the year 1792, when he, for want of other engagements, dealt in hay, measuring the stacks with his arms, and having learned the height, could readily tell what number of square yards were contained from five to one hundred pounds.—Sometimes he bought wood standing, and if he could got the girth and height, would calculate the solid contents.

In the summer of 1788, he lost his wife, in the sixty-first year of her age, and the fortieth of their marriage; the fruit of which was four children, all then living.—She was buried in Stockport church yard.

In the treatment of his wife, Metcalf never forgot the original difference in their circumstances, always indulging her to the utmost his ability would allow; but she had no wish beyond his power of gratifying.

In 1795, he dictated the occurrences of his life to a friend, who published them under the title of "Blind Jack of Knaresborough; or, the Life of John Metcalf." He was then seventy-eight years of age, and resided on a small holding at Spofforth, near Wetherby, with his daughter and son in law, who kept his house.

From this publication, the few particulars here related, are collected: they form but a small portion of the many extraordinary facts it contains; and with which we should have been more free, were not the profits arising from the work, intended to procure its hero some of the comforts necessary to old age.

INSTANCES OF EXTRAORDINARY HARDIHOOD OF RUSSIAN TROOPS, EXTRACTED FROM THE WORKS OF MR. WRAXALL.

ON the 12th of August, Frederick attacked the entrenched camp at Gunersdorff. His greatest efforts were directed against their flank, at the only point where it was accessible, by a narrow opening through a morass. Two Russian regiments, stationed in the pass, long sustained, without giving way, the onset of the Prussian army; they were at length put to the sword, and fell in their ranks. Soltikoff, (the Russian commander) proposed therefore to Laudohn, that a regiment of Austrians should march into the vacant space, alongside a regiment of his own troops. But the Austrian soldiers rejected the proposal with indignation.—" We are ready to fight, (cried they) but not to be butchered like victims." Neither reproaches nor intreaties could alter their determination; and they were even so exasperated against Laudohn, that they threatened to tear him to pieces. In order to avoid their fury, he was obliged to conceal himself for a short time among the baggage, till their first emotions of resentment had subsided.

" In this situation, unsupported by his Austrian allies, Soltikoff instantly ordered two regiments of his own troops to advance, with drums beating and colours flying. Like their predecessors they were cut to pieces; and were succeeded by two more, who underwent a similar fate. Scarcely a man remained alive; but their bodies soon formed a stupendous mound, compleatly filling the space, through which alone the enemy could penetrate. Of the 7th and 8th regiments, which in turn occupied the same spot, so few escaped, that the gentleman, who related these particulars, assured me, an officer of the name of Ritcher, though only an ensign in the morning, commanded the survivors at the close of the day.

" The Muscovites, after ravaging the kingdom of Prussia, had entered Brandenburgh, and were advancing towards Berlin, conducted by General Fermer.—Frederick gave them battle at the village of Zomdorff, and it may be termed a carnage, rather than an action. Neither the fury of his artillery, the valour and discipline of his infantry, nor the repeated charges of his cavalry, could compel the Russians to recede a foot; much less to turn their backs. During thirteen hours, from six in the morning till seven in the evening of the 25th of August, they withstood, unmoved, every effort of the Prussian tactics. After the slaughter of 21,000 men, they still disdained to retreat, and night alone terminated the combat."

MR. SHERIDAN'S NEW PLAY.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

ON Friday evening, May 24, a tragedy, called *Pizarro*, was performed for the first time at this theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pizarro, Chief of the Spaniards invading Peru	Mr. Barrymore.
Alonzo, a Spaniard, who had joined the Peruvians, and married Kora	Mr. C. Kemble.
Rolla, a Peruvian Chief, and great Warrior	Mr. Kemble.
King of the Peruvians	Mr. Powell.
Le Cassas, a Spanish Friar	Mr. Aickin.
A Peruvian Warrior, made prisoner	Mr. Dowton.
Alonzo's Aide de Camp, ditto	Mr. Suett.
Elvira, the companion of Pizarro, but detesting his cruelties	Mrs. Siddons.
Kora	Mrs. Jordan.

The

The joint reputation of Sheridan and Kotzebue, and the first dramatic attempt of the former, after an interval of twenty years, attracted this night to the representation of *Pizarro*, as splendid and numerous an audience as has ever been assembled at this house on any previous occasion.

The *Death of Rolla*, by Kotzebue, and the universal applause with which it was received on the German stage, induced our English Terence to emulate his foreign cotemporary in a similar exhibition. He has closely adhered to the outlines, and has in most instances preserved the sentiments of the original piece, but the language is entirely re written from the translat on with which he was furnished. Mr. Sheridan has, after successful exertions in the various lines of comedy, opera, and farce, attempted a production of which he does not appear to have been sufficiently impressed. To gratify the present taste in favour of the German drama, and to strengthen a performance constructed after that manner, with the additional attractions of striking machinery, scenic grandeur, and the fascinations of appropriate music, were objects that seemed calculated to combine the different suffrages of the votaries of extreme sensibility, and the admirers of romance and spectacle. With these views he has taken up the bow of Kotzebue, and supplied it from his own quiver with arrows with which he often dexterously hits the mark, though he frequently scatters them at random.

The plot derives all its interest from the contrasted characters of *Pizarro and Rolla*. The heart of the one is callous to every dignified and virtuous sentiment, while the other sacrifices his happiness and his life to the impulse of the noblest feelings. The morality of the play is of tho purest kind, and the stage is, in this instance, as it ever ought to be, made subservient to the purposes of truth and honour. It exposes to just indignation and abhorrence, the savage cruelty of Europeans, inflamed with the lust of gold and the fury of conquest, and excites the pity and interest of humanity in favour of a peaceable and virtuous people. The diction is so happily managed, as to be free from the slightest suspicion of translation, but the ideas remind us sometimes by their energy, sometimes by their extravagance, of the boldness and eccentricity of Kotzebue's genius. The first act, as a specimen of finished writing, is entitled to peculiar encomium, and gave ample promise of further excellence, which, we lament to say, we did not altogether witness. In the second act, some very happy allusions to the contest in which we are at present engaged with the inveterate enemies of social order and happiness, were received with reiterated bursts of applause. *Rolla*, haranguing the Peruvians before the battle, tells them, in answer to the delusive and treacherous proposals of the Spaniards, "Let your plain answer be, No! The throne you reverence is the people's choice! The laws you honour are your fathers legacy! *They* offer enlightened freedom, who are themselves the slaves of avarice and oppression!"

The introduction of music in aid of tragic performance, we know has been censured by critics of high reputation, but it has been no less ably vindicated by others of distinguished rank. It is not necessary to refer to the practice of the Greek drama to justify the use of it, for it has both embellished the outline, and contributed to the interest of many of our historical plays; and in our town times *Merope* furnishes a convincing proof of its utility, in

adding

adding to the solemnity of the occasion. It would therefore be fastidious to object to the adoption of it by Mr. Sheridan. The sister sciences of poetry and music are rendered more captivating and instructive by a judicious combination, and the one becomes an essential assistant to the other:

" *Qualem decet esse forem.*"

That *Pizarro* possesses genuine claims to public admiration, we readily admit, but it must undergo very material alterations and curtailments, before it can again be represented with the desired effect. It is in its present state, a striking instance of neglect and precipitation. The dialogue is too prolix, the business is too often in a languishing state, and the machinery is ill conducted. It must appear extraordinary, that the author, perfectly versed as he is, in the minutiæ of a theatre, and who is the constant judge of the productions of others, should have formed his own of materials so lengthened, as to take up nearly five hours in the representation.

Of the acting in general we cannot speak too favourably. Kemble's *Rolla* takes the lead in animation, dignity and pathos, and is alone sufficient to confer popularity on the piece. Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan are evidently out of their places. The latter has in *Cora*, stepped beyond the natural limits of her powers and genius. The glowing warmth of parental affection, the transitions from tenderness to madness, despair, disappointed love, and the most violent agonies, do not fall within her province.—She sometimes succeeded by the powers of voice only, but her want of discrimination in delineating the various passions, and a vulgarity of action by which several of her best passages were degraded, gave an air of caricature to scenes that would otherwise have been truly affecting.—*Cora* would have been a *chef-d'œuvre* in the possession of Mrs. Siddons, and *Elvira* would have found an adequate representative in Mrs. Powell. Barrymore exerted himself with uncommon effect in *Pizarro*, and Charles Kemble displayed so much characteristic animation in his grand scene with the tyrant, as to excite the repeated plaudits of the audience.

The symphony preceding the play, and those between the acts, composed by Dussek, were admirably adapted to the occasion, and Kelly's taste and judgment have never been more conspicuous than in the airs and chorusses incidental to the piece.

Pizarro's Pavillion, and the Temple of the Sun, are equal in point of brilliant effect to the best scenes of any of our theatres; and the machinery, decorations, and dresses, were marked with appropriate taste and splendour.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Hambletonian and Diamond of their day, *Sandy o'er the Lee*, a few years since the property of Mr. Baird, of Newhythe; and *Whitelegs*, about the same period, belonging to Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart. horses by which, at a moderate computation, their owners may be supposed to have realized 5000l. a piece—are at this time running together in one of the diligences, betwixt Glasgow and Edinburgh!

> While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
> The High Mettled Racer's a hack on the road!

A match was made on Monday, the 20th instant, between Mr. Cussan's Spoilator, and Mr. Cookson's George, carrying 8st. each; the two middle miles of the B. C. for

two

two hundred guineas. George is, in fact, the property of Lord Darlington, but Mr. Cookson has hired him for the season. Another match was made on the same day between Mr. Cookson's Sir Harry, 8st. 3lb. and Mr. Baldock's Telegraph, 7st. 8lb. for three hundred guineas. Bye bets were also made to the amount of two hundred guineas; so that the match may be said to be for five hundred. Spoliator and George are to run at the July meeting, and Sir Harry and Telegraph at one of the next spring meetings.

The horses of a troop of the Ayrshire Fencible Cavalry, now stationed at East Bourne, report says, have been so singularly well trained and exercised, that, at the word of command, every animal will lie down, stretch himself as flatly on the ground as if he had been shot dead, and continue in that posture till ordered to rise, which at the word they never fail to do with the greatest alacrity and precision.

A head of Shakespeare, discovered under circumstances of peculiar singularity, was exhibited in the Public Library of Cambridge University, during three days in the course of this month. To so great a degree was public curiosity excited, that on the second day, within the space of four hours, upwards of two thousand persons obtained admission.

CAUTION.

A few days since, Mr. Dixon, jun. of West Green, Tottenham, in taking the charge from his gun, inverted it, and with his hand at the muzzle, in order to receive the shot, struck the butt end against a tree, when the cock being jarred down, the piece went off, whereby his hand was so much shattered, that he was obliged to suffer amputation.

REMARKABLE FACT.

At Mickley, in the parish of Ovingham, Northumberland, is a pitman's wife, of the name of Middleton, who alternately suckles her two youngest children, and *two lambs*; the latter had lost their dams in the late storm, and would inevitably have perished, without the timely application of this salutary beverage.—The woman, the children, and the lambs, continue all well.

THE MONKEY AND THE BULL DOG.

A curious battle lately took place at Worcester, between these two animals, on a wager of three guineas to one, that the dog killed the monkey in six minutes; the owner of the dog agreed to permit the monkey to use a stick about a foot long. Hundreds of spectators assembled to witness the fight, and bets ran eight, nine, and ten to one in favour of the dog, which could hardly be held in. The owner of the monkey taking from his side pocket a thick round ruler about a foot long, threw it into the paw of the monkey, saying, "Now, Jack, look sharp, mind that dog!"—"Then here goes for your monkey!" cries the butcher, letting the dog loose, which flew with a tyger-like fierceness. The monkey, with astonishing agility, sprang at least a yard high, and falling upon the dog, laid fast hold of the back of the neck with his teeth, seizing one ear with his left paw, so as to prevent his turning to bite. In this unexpected situation, Jack fell to work with his ruler upon the head of the dog, which he beat so forcibly and rapidly, that the creature cried out most eloquentially. In short, the scull was soon fractured, and the dog carried off in nearly a lifeless state. The monkey was of the middle size.

PONEY RACES.

At Stoney-cross race, near Southampton, on Tuesday, the 14th instant, three ponies started for the prize, when all running out of the course, one of them ran against a man of the name of Bannister, and killed him on the spot, leaving a wife and eleven children to mourn his loss. A subscription for the widow was immediately began by the officers of the 27th regiment of foot, and others present, which soon amounted to twelve guineas.

The usual diversion of poney and galloway running, was held at Dean, Wilts, on Wednesday, the 15th instant, but afforded very little satisfaction to the amateurs of the turf, as the ponies to start for the cup were confined to twelve hands and an half high, by which, those that were likely to afford good running, on account of being rather above that height, were not permitted to start. The galloways also were very unequally matched, and consequently the prize for which they ran was easily won; the great deficiency of sport is therefore to be attributed to the want of due attention to the prescribed rules of poney and galloway racing. It is hoped this will be obviated in future, by the conductors of the race, limiting the height of the ponies to the usual standard of thirteen hands, and that of the galloways not to exceed fourteen hands and an half, as there cannot be a doubt but good sport will be the result of such regulation. A match was run between Mr. Atwater and Mr. Brown's fillies, of Nunton, and won by the latter.—Another match was also run between two horses belonging to Mr. Stamford, of Henley, and Mr. Teeler, of Damerham, which was won by the former.

Another sporting match, equal to that between Hambletonian and Diamond, has been lately made.—Mr. Cookson has matched his horse Sir Harry, against Mr. R. Heathcote's Schedoni, for 3000 guineas, to be run for next Easter Monday.

The Dutch Gentleman, whose success at play at Bath, as mentioned in our last Magazine, has been the subject of much comment, was taken into custody under authority of the Alien Bill, and on Saturday, the 11th instant, removed from the neighbourhood of the metropolis for the continent. He was not, as has been stated, the marker at a billiard table at Hamburgh, but an officer in the Dutch army previous to the revolution, and now enjoys half pay from this country. His uncle is a general in the Prussian service. He is said to be the best billiard player in Europe.

On Thursday, April 25, a match was made between two gentlemen at Yarmouth for twenty guineas a side, which could trot his horse the greatest distance in one hour. They started at Haddiscoe, rode through the town of Beccles on to the Yoxford road, and compleated fourteen miles in fifty-one minutes; when the horse which had been behind all the way, now passed the other with so much ease, that the rider jeeringly bade his opponent good day, which so dispirited him that he gave up the match.—Ten to one was laid on the favourite horse, who led the way for fourteen miles. The winning horse was lately bought for only 8l.

Friday morning, the 26th ult. between six and seven o'clock, a genteelly dressed young woman sprung upon the walls of London bridge, and before any one could come near her, threw herself into the Thames. A boat immediately put off, and, as she was floating, brought her on shore; she was soon recovered, having been but a few minutes in the water. This shocking act was produced by love and despair.

Mr.

Mr. John Bray, of Knowstone, Devonshire, has a little Exmoor ewe, that has lately lambed the sixth time, and brought forth four lambs, which make 23 lambs she has had in six years. She had at four births one to four at a time, at two births three at a time, and at one birth five lambs.

Thursday the 25th ult. was killed at Plymouth, by Messrs. Lake and Darke, an extraordinary fat wether, which weighed fifty-five pounds and an half per quarter, and had about forty pound of rough fat. It was four years old, and allowed by judges from the first sheep counties to be as small in the bone, and as complete a formed animal, as ever was seen in the West of England. It was bred and fattened by Mr. Parker of Newton St. Cyres, near Exeter.

A gentleman in Herefordshire is said to have lately married his grandmother. The particulars of this novel case are thus related:—"On Friday Mr. John Palmer, second son of Mr. William Palmer, of Yatton-Marsh, Aymstrey, was married to Mrs. Mary Palmer, relict of the late Mr. John Palmer, of Leinthall Earls, who was grandfather to her present husband.—The bride, though she may properly be called grandmother to the bridegroom, is no more than thirty years of age; and should the present union produce a family, the son will be uncle to the father, and great grandson to his mother; and it will involve in no small intricacy the different degrees of propinquity in which the parents and children will stand to each other."

Mrs. Windham's supper, the latter end of last month, was the most superb and costly of the present season.—Among other articles were 5000 asparagus, at one guinea a hundred, and 100 quarts of green peas, at 1l. 1s. per quart, besides peaches, &c. that must have cost 500l.

The beginning of this month as some workmen were pulling down an old stable belonging to the parsonage at Cheriton Bishop, near Exeter, they discovered fifteen pieces of gold coin concealed in one of the beams; they were in a hole seemingly bored for the purpose; the pieces are of the size of a shilling, and in high preservation; the impression, the arms of England, prior to James the First; reverse, St. Michael destroying a dragon. On the demise of a Mrs. Davie, in the beginning of this century, 1700l. were found in gold, concealed in earthen jars, in the same parish.

ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

In the rooms at Bath, a short time ago, the Prince left Miss ——, to enter into conversation with Mrs. ———, a very plain woman. When he returned to the former, he was rallied for paying so marked an attention to *such a person*. "It is true, Madam," said he, "that Mrs. ——— is far from being beautiful; but she is sensible in her conversation, and engaging in her manners, and never speaks ill of another, *not even of any of her own sex*."

Saturday, the 25th instant, as Mr. Jennins, wine merchant in St. Paul's Church-yard, and Mr. Leech of the London Coffee-House, were travelling in a post-chaise from Uxbridge to Beaconsfield, they were stopped at two o'clock in the day, near the Duke of Portland's wall, by a highwayman, with a crape on his face, mounted on a blood bay horse, who robbed them of their money and watches. On the gentlemen requesting they might have their seals again, the man said he could not then stop, but swore upon his *honor* he would send them, and they have since been received.

Mr.

Mr. Winton, a farmer, of Sompting, Sussex, who on one night last month ordered his shepherd to place five lambs in a barn to shelter them from the severity of the weather, had the next morning, the mortification to find, that they had been all destroyed by rats, and that the hungry vermin, after killing the lambs, had torn out, and feasted upon their entrails. Mr. Winton immediately sent for a rat-catcher, who set his ferrets and dogs to work in the barn, and by means thereof killed 90, which were for the most part of the large Hanover kind.

A woman drawing water from a well at Surlingham, in Norfolk, was, by the breaking of the rope, precipitated to the bottom, a depth of 42 feet; the water was not more than five feet high, and in this condition she remained for some hours, till her long absence from home inducing search, she was discovered, and a cord being lowered, she tied it round her waist, and was drawn up much bruised.

A curious cause came on on Tuesday, the 21st instant, in the Court of King's Bench, in which the celebrated Mr. Berry was plaintiff, and a Captain Bentley, of the Westminster regiment of Middlesex Militia, was defendant. It was to recover 600l. advanced by the former, as the purchase money of an annuity from the latter, which had been set aside, on the score of illegality. Col Cawthorne was implicated in the transaction, as having won the sum of Captain Bentley; and Lieutenant Colonel O'Kelly, with most of the *front rank of the volunteer corps of play*, were brought forward on this occasion, either as principals or evidence. Lord Kenyon directed a verdict for the plaintiff, but, as he said, under suspicions in his own mind, which he wished not to entertain.

MATRIMONIAL PLAN.

A provincial paper says, that a matrimonial plan, now established in London, is proposed to be extended throughout every county, city, or town, in England and Wales, under the management of a select number of *Clergymen*, as Chaplains to this establishment.—Its titles, and style, are high and sonorous: "a new and original Imperial and Royal plan, according to the usage of the potentates and Sovereign Princes of Europe, as well as in all the polished Courts throughout the known world!" being a *Nuptial Society*, or institution for *matrimonial intercourse*.

The system of this curious plan is as follows:—every person of either sex who desires to enter into a treaty of marriage, is—*first to subscribe a certain sum*;—all ladies and gentlemen to describe themselves by real or fictitious names, as they may choose, and give a detail of themselves.

The following remedy for the bite of a mad dog, is recommended in the French papers:—A new laid egg to be beaten up, and put into a frying pan, with oil of olives, cold drawn, and to be dressed, but not too dry.—Into this is to be put a great quantity of powder of calcined oyster shells which is to be sprinkled in such quantities as the mixture will absorb. This is to be given as a dose, which is to be repeated for nine or ten days fasting; and the wound is at the same time to be washed in salt water, observing always to change the water.—The author of it professes to have tried it with repeated success, on men, dogs, and other animals.

A man gave a dinner some days since at a public-house in Norwich, in celebration of his 77th anniversary; when, in allusion to his years, 77 plum puddings were placed upon the table.

CRICKET.

On Tuesday (April 30) commenced playing a grand match of cricket, in the Barrack Field at Woolwich, between eleven gentlemen of the Woolwich Club against a select eleven of Surrey, for two hundred guineas. After some play, the match was postponed to a future day. The bets, at the commencement, ran six to four in favour of Surrey.

We are credibly informed, that on some persons lately digging into some fox-hole, in a field near Bawtry, there were found in store a quantity of chickens, two guinea fowls, several geese and goslings, and more than a hundred rabbits, &c.

A few weeks ago, four foxes were taken alive near Clerk-hill, in the township of Whalley; and there were found in and near their holes the following tokens of their late depredations, viz. four pigs, many lambs, hares and rabbits, turkeys, geese, cocks, hens, ducks, crows, magpies, partridges, rats, mice, moles, &c.—*Hull Packet.*

On Monday, May 20, two men, R. Hopkins and —— Hollick, went from Birmingham to Mosely, Wake Green, to decide a pitched battle; but W. Hicks, Esq. one of the Magistrates of the county, hearing of the circumstance, hastened to the ground, and ordered them both into cusdody. They were afterwards liberated, on finding sureties to join with them in a bond, confining them to keep the peace towards each other, and all others his Majesty's leige subjects, for twelve months.

HEROISM OF A PEASANT.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter; and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of the remaining arch continually dropped into the water. In this danger, a nobleman who was present, a count of Pulverini, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer, who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great, of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant, passing along, was informed of the proposed reward; immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage!" cried he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow," exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him: "here is the promised recompence." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant: "my labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife and children. Give the purse to this poor family, which has lost all!"

CURIOUS CUSTOM.

On St. Mark's day, the ceremony of initiating young men in their franchise of burgessess of Alnwick, in Northumberland, took place. This custom has prevailed ever since the time of King John, who, as a punishment upon the town for not keeping the circum-jacent

jacent roads in better condition (his Majesty having nearly lost his life by his horse getting in a quagmire while hunting), adopted this whimsical method of expressing his displeasure to all future freemen of that place.—All the young men, who have previously proved their right to the fredom, attended by a band of music, and their friends, &c. on horseback, proceed to a large pond, at some distance from the town, into which every new freeman, dressed with ribbons, must precipitate himself, and plunge through in the best manner he can. When all are safely through, and re-dressed, they again mount their horses, and being joined by the surrounding spectators, the whole cavalcade, followed by a multitude of pedestrians, proceed to the perambulation of the town's boundaries. When they arrive within a short distance of the place, the newly-made freemen prove their equestrian dexterity by a race into the town, the foremost being pronounced *the winner of the boundaries.* At the gate of the castle, the whole party are plentifully regaled with flaggons of brown stingo, by the steward of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. A holly tree is placed at the door of every young freeman, and the remainder of the day is spent in feasting, dancing, and all kinds of mirth and amusement.

At Wandsworth fair a sharper defrauded a silly countryman of two guineas and a half, and a silver watch, by the stale trick of pricking in the belt. Stating his loss to some by-standers, they surrounded the sharper, and compelled him to make restitution to the sufferer. They afterwards demolished his tables, and dragged him several times through a dirty pond, to the great amusement of the holiday people, and gratification of the countryman.

A daring gang of thieves has long been a terror to the neighbourhood of Bristol. The following depredations were committed by them in the night of the 10th instant:—They stole a horse from Jacob Mog, Esq. of High-Littleton, and two horses from Mr. Charles Flower, at Pensford; broke open the turnpike-house at Redhill gate, and robbed the keeper of cash to the amount of four or five pounds: they then continued their road to Paulton, and there broke open the inn, and stole about twenty pounds, and various articles of wearing apparel: from thence they went to Hound-street, broke open a stable, and took a saddle and bridle, and continued their journey to Keynsham, when they turned Mr. Mogg's horse into a field, which, having no shoes on his fore feet, fell lame; likewise a mare, heavyin foal, of Mr. Flower's It being nearly four o'clock on Saturday morning, the villains were pursued, and traced from village to village, till one of them, Abraham Scull, was discovered at his house at Hanham, near Bristol. In his pantry was found the other of Mr. Flower's horses, with the box of money and wearing apparel of Mr. Hill, of Paulton Inn, and the saddle and bridle. Scull and a woman who lived with him, were apprehended, and two more of the gang are since taken.

A few days ago, as a young man at Mr. Wall's, of Shotatton, Salop, was putting up a loaded gun, one of the hooks in the gun-rack caught the trigger. The discharge, which took plack in consequence, killed his brother, and severely wounded a servant maid.

During the present month an *elopement* took place at Baydon, Wilts, when the fair fugitive surrendered to the engaging charms of an *athletic rustic*, a well known wrestler, who had given his competitors many a fall.

FEAST OF WIT; OR SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

HOOPER, the boxer, whose death we announced in our last Magazine, had fought *twenty two* pitched battles, and was always victorious; but *Death* at last gave him the *knock-down blow* in *St. Giles's Workhouse.*

Travellers should be careful to deliver their luggage to proper persons, as a gentleman a few days since, on alighting from a stage-coach, entrusted his wife to a stranger, and he has not heard of her since.—A correspondent says, "for *luggage*, read *baggage.*"

THE JACOBIN's EVAISON.

When Tom had seditiously dar'd to exclaim
That in England we wanted no King,
And was brought to the Justice for utt'ring the same,
Thus contriv'd his accusers to fling——

"Please your worship (says Tom) that I said so, I grant,
"And in what I've affirm'd I'll be steady;
"For Englishmen, surely, no Monarch can want,
"That *have such a good one already.*"

The following advertisement appeared in the Belfast paper of the 23d instant:—

NOTICE.—Whereas Jane M'Connell, of the parish of Kilmore, found means to get me married to her when intoxicated; and as I find she is a woman of a very bad character I am determined not to live with her. I therefore hereby caution the public not to credit her on my account, as I will not pay any debt she may cantract.

ROBERT MARTIN.
Kilmore, April 13, 1799.

The French say, that almost the whole of the Archduke Charles's troops have been taken from the tail of the plough. We rather imagine they have been taken from the *barn* by the *threshing* which they have given the enemy.

A highwayman was lately apprehended on a grey horse, which it appeared had been his companion for some years. The name the animal went by, was not unappropriate to his situation—"Old *Robin* Grey."

GREAT SAGACITY IN A PARSON.

A gentleman, well knowing that a certain Rev. curate, not one hundred miles from Llansihangel, in Merionethshire, paid more attention to his belly than his flock, and that he was particularly partial to *beans and bacon*, determined to have a joke at the expence of the parson; for that purpose he procured a few pods, and having opened one of them, he exclaimed (pretending to be surprized) "The beans lie the wrong way!" "The d—l they do! said the parson, who examined the pod very scrupulously, and then charged the gentleman with *turning* them; but being desired to open one himself, and finding the beans in the same situation, he immediately accounted for it, saying, "the fellow has planted them the *wrong side down!*"

ANECDOTE.

A few days ago, the clerk of a chapel in the vicinity of Holborn, having fallen asleep in the course of the sermon, the clergyman, at the conclusion of the same, was obliged to acquaint the congregation that he was under the painful necessity of leaving the lectureship; when the clerk, for the first time hearing his voice, and supposing it to have been the conclusion of some prayer, &c. immediately replied—*Amen!*

There formerly lived a Mr. John Church, at the sign of the six Bells, in Friday-street, London, to whom a precise Quaker thus addressed an epistle:—"John Steeple-house, at the sign of the Six Needlesses, in Sixth-day-street, London."

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

AN IMPROMPTU ANSWER TO A CARD,

Wherein the Author's opinion was requested on the Words—"How to Live."

TO know how to live—is to live at your ease,
With wine of the best—and the women who please:
To this, early rising, with exercise, air,
Will keep you for years in the best of repair.
And as for the world—their censures or jeers,
Too often they set the best friends by the ears.
So let them alone—keep the wolf from the door,
With something to give now and then to the poor—
Will teach you that knowledge you ask me to give,
And be your best practice to know how to live.
But should better rules than these, you pursue,
Impart them—I'll thank you, and follow them too.

TVXYZ.

THE SIXTY-SEVENTH EPIGRAM OF MARTIAL—IMITATED.

A Friend once kindly sent a card
T' invite me out to dine;
By which (fool like) I understood,
Good cheer and rosy wine.

The sideboard groan'd with heaps of plate,
The room was wond'rous neat;
The table shone with glitt'ring state,
But nothing on't to eat.

Long did I wait—worn out at length
With hunger and surprise,
I cried, "Why zounds, I came to feed
My belly—not my eyes."

JUVENIS.

IMPROMPTU,

On the unseasonable state of the Weather.

Written this Month upon the Road, when returning home from a long journey.

AT the gate of an Inn, which they call the Nag's Head,
A play-bill was stuck, where a title I read,
Of which think me not a perverter—
If smiling I said, while perusing the fun,
"This Afterpiece puts me in mind of the SUN,"
For, in fact, it was call'd *The Deserter*.

"That's a hit, (said my comrade) but what will you say
"To *The Strangers at Home*, which you see is the play?"
"Why, says I, as the Sun takes his roam,
"Spring and Summer, alike, have deserted alack,
"And when the three runaways choose to come back,
"We'll proclaim them the *The Strangers at Home*."

BRUSH.

P. S. Thus I, when from home, a confess'd absentee,
Must have smil'd, had my friends said the same thing of me.

B.

MUSICAL ADDRESS,

Delivered by Miſs LEAKE, at her Benefit.

Written by Mr. OGLE, and ſet to Muſic by Dr. ARNOLD.

FOR favours paſt, and preſent too,
To pay my debt I come,
My heart acknowledges it due,
But cannot raiſe the ſum.

So like the little warbling thieves,
That rob the ſummer long,
I taſte the fruits your bounty gives,
And thank you with a ſong.

And oft you've prais'd the artleſs note,
Which proud to pleaſe your ear,
Still faulter'd in my trembling throat,
With gratitude and fear.

But fear need never dim the eye
That looks on friends like theſe;
Whoſe ſmiles ſtill foſter thoſe who try
Their ail, like me, to pleaſe.

So like the little warbling thieves,
That rob the ſummer long,
I taſte the fruits your bounty gives,
And thank you with a ſong.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Spoken by Miſs Goddard, on the night of her Benefit at the Norwich Theatre.

WHEN ſtruggling Nature, yet in early prime,
Puts forth her buds, and tempts the dubious clime,
If then rude Boreas, wing'd with hoſtile ſnows,
Renew the winter, and their birth oppoſe,
The blighted proſpects of the fruitleſs year,
Shrink from the blaſt, and yield to fate ſevere;
No ſweet rewards the labourers' care attend,
No fields rejoice, nor grateful orchards bend;
But, if around the genial zephyrs play,
And partial ſuns emits the foſt'ring ray,
Soon ſmiles the landſcape, brighter ſcenes appear,
And jocund Plenty crowns the feſtive year.
So fares the vent'rous novice, who eſſays
The comic maſk, or graſp the tragic bays;
Her vernal prime, if envious blaſts aſſail
With critic pride, her buds of promiſe fail;
Her embrio powers, yet trembling into life,
Sink the pale victims of the untimely ſtriſe.
But, if benignant candour o'er the toil,
Spread the kind wing, or beam the cordial ſmile,
To faults indulgent, forward to commend,
A gentle cenſurer, but an ardent friend;
Her breath inſpires the effort ſhe approves,
And genius ſprings to court the gale it loves.
Hail then the hour; when firſt, with timid mien,
I ſought this kind, this hoſpitable ſcene!
This circle ſought, to genius ever kind,
Prompt to reward, and ſedulous to find.
In which inſtructed, foſter'd, favour'd, bleſs'd,
With more than hope e'er whiſper'd to my breaſt,
With more than expectation, in the hour
When fancy revell'd with enthuſiaſt power,
Ere to my young imagination drew,
Or fond ambition taught me to purſue!
What ſhall I ſay? or how ſhall words expreſs
My grateful feelings, or my joys exceſs?
How ſpeak my thanks?
——————Alas, the ſtrife were vain.
Faint are the feelings language can explain.
The ſtrong emotions of the ingenuous ſoul
Swell in the boſom, but the tongue controul.
I can but this--wherever fate ſhall guide
My vent'rous bark o'er life's precarious tide,
Remembrance ne'er ſhall from this ſcene depart,
But Norwich dwell for ever in my heart.

TO HONORIUS AT LIVERPOOL.

" *What* have I done? what crime have I committed?
" Thus to be ſhunn'd--or rather let me aſk,
" *What* have you done? And, why are you thus chang'd?
" For I am ſtill the ſame."——OTWAY.

WHEN unmerited coolneſs we mark in a friend,
If the mind be to feeling not loſt,
We a thouſand ſtrange cauſes at once apprehend,
And with doubts and ſuggeſtions are toſt.

Now this, and now that vague ſuſpicion takes riſe,
And a tumult ſtirs up in the breaſt;
Till, tortur'd and rack'd with inceſſant ſurmiſe,
The ſoul proves a ſtranger to reſt.

And

And why, says neglected Horatio, and why
Does Honorious thus wear a new face?
Of a thought, word, or action, unconscious am I,
Which to friendship might prove a disgrace.

With a heart free from rancour, a tongue free from guile,
And a cheek undistained with a blush,
Fortune's frowns I've encountered, full oft with a smile,
Nor regarding the hilding a rush.

But when he, who, for years, I've had cause to regard,
And whose worth by his actions I've prov'd,
Does, with causeless caprice, that attachment discard,
Can Horatio perceive it unmov'd?

If some villain, with falshood, has blackened my name,
Or abus'd me with truth but half told;
From the brand of a lie let me rescue my fame,
Or make fact her whole volume unfold.

"*Audi alterem partem*" is that rule of right
To which justice must ever adhere;
And both sides of the question, by truth's radiant light,
Will make darkness more hideous appear.

Sons of darkness retreat from the bright God of Day,
Whose beams their foul deeds would pervade;
Sons of light hail and welcome his all-glorious ray,
As their deeds want no covert or shade.

HORATIO.

Birmingham, May 20, 1799.

ELEGY ON A QUID OF TOBACCO.

THERE lay before me on the close-graz'd grass,
Beside yon path, an old tobacco quid;
And shall I by the mute adviser pass,
Without one serious thought? No, Heav'n forbid.

Perhaps some idle drunkard threw thee there;
Some husband, spendthrift of his weekly hire:
One, who for wife and children takes no care,
But sits and tipples by the Alehouse fire.

Ah! luckless was the day he learnt to chew,
Embryo of ill, the quid that pleas'd him first.
Thirsty from that unhappy quid he grew,
Then to the Alehouse went to quench his thirst.

So great events from causes small arise——
The forest oak was once an acorn seed;
And many a wretch from drunkenness who dies,
Owes all his evils to the Indian weed.

Let not temptation, mortal, ere come nigh;
Suspect some ambush in the parley hid——
From the first kiss of love, ye maidens fly,
Ye youths avoid the first tobacco quid.

Perhaps, I wrong thee, O thou vet'ran chaw,
And better thoughts my musings should engage,
That thou wert rounded in some toothless jaw,
The joy, perhaps, of solitary age.

One who has suffer'd fortune's hardest knocks,
Poor, and with none to tend on his grey hairs,
Yet has a friend in his tobacco box,
And, whilst he rolls his quid, forgets his cares.

Ev'n so it is with human happiness---
Each seeks his own according to his whim---
This toils for wealth, one fame alone can bless,
One asks a quid--a quid is all to him.

O vet'ran chaw, thy fibres sav'ry, strong,
Whilst ought remained to chew, thy master chew'd;
Then cast thee here, when all thy juice was gone,
Emblem of selfish man's ingratitude.

A happy man, O cast-off quid, is he,
Who, like as thou, hast comforted the poor--
Happy his age, who knows himself like thee--
Thou didst thy duty--Man can do no more.

ENIGMA.

A Spot there is, say traveller where it lies,
And mark the clime, the limits and the size,

Where grow no trees, nor waves the golden
grain,
Nor hills, nor vales, diversify the plain ;
Perpetual green, without the farmer's toil,
Thro' all the seasons clothes the favour'd soil ;
Fair pools, in which the finny race abound,
By human heart prepar'd, enrich the ground :
Not India's coasts produce an ampler store,
Pearl, ivory, diamonds, gold and silver ore.

Yet, Britain, envy not their wealthy climes,
Perpetual war distracts, and endless crimes
Pollute the soil ; pale avarice triumphs
there,
Hate, envy, rage, and heart-corroding care,
Suspicion, fear, and fraud, and comfortless
despair.

Their government not long remains the same ;
Now they reverse, like us, a monarch's
name ;
Now, Cromwell-like, a base and low-born
Knave,
Nobles, and Kings and Queens presumes to
brave ;
The Nobles fall, the King's a captive slave.

Britons be wise, let avarice tempt no more ;
Spite of its wealth avoid the fatal shore.
The daily bread which Providence has given,
Eat with content, and leave the rest to
Heaven.

EPIGRAM.

A Robber on a Captain popt,
The valiant hero fled ;
He afterwards a Doctor stopt——
The Doctor shot him dead.

ANSWER.

There's nothing new in this affair,
'Tis practised ev'ry day---
Physicians still, with courage KILL,
While soldiers run away.

SONNET,

Upon the sight of a stage erected for Boxing.

AH, who can tell how hard it is to
climb
That pile, that o'er the turf appears afar ;
At ev'ry knock-down blow to strut sublime,
The eyes to darken, or the teeth to jar.

Be't mine to stand within the crowded spot,
Just as at first set-too the champions close ;
When expectation warbles piping hot,
And oh's resound in concert with the
blows.

To mark the shuffling of each betting brace,
When one no longer stands upon his pins ;
Length'ning or dimpling lineaments to trace,
In phiz that loses, or in phiz that wins.

Lock jaws attend those chicken-hearted
elves,
Who love in others, what they'd fear them-
selves.

ELEGIAC SONNET.

FROM THE MODERN HEBREW.

Upon an Israelite under sentence of Death.

MOURN sons of Lesi, since dere's no
reprieve
Dat can put off poor Moushou's trying hour.
Vat signifies de vitness---no relieve--
De teeves hard-hearted tink he *take* de lour.

Ve *know* he vos cood Chew, tho' he would
puy
De pad shelane, and tings by candle light.
Vat den—de Snogo* he voud ne'er pass by,
Nor stir de fire on de Friday night.

He vos perswade de Jews of all the earth,
De chosen people vos de fav'rite race ;
To get de monish, or de monish worth,
Vat de vise Rabbi means in every place.

Caught in de fact, he hang, for he would
swear,
" Py Caut Amightees I vos never there."

* The Synagogue.

EPITAPH

Upon an Affected Knowing One.

TOM Dash, who only sought a *well-known*
name
In Virtue paths, could never rise to fame ;
At last turn'd thief---hence to a gibbet
bound,
His name was common all the country
round.

W. H. R.

RACING